

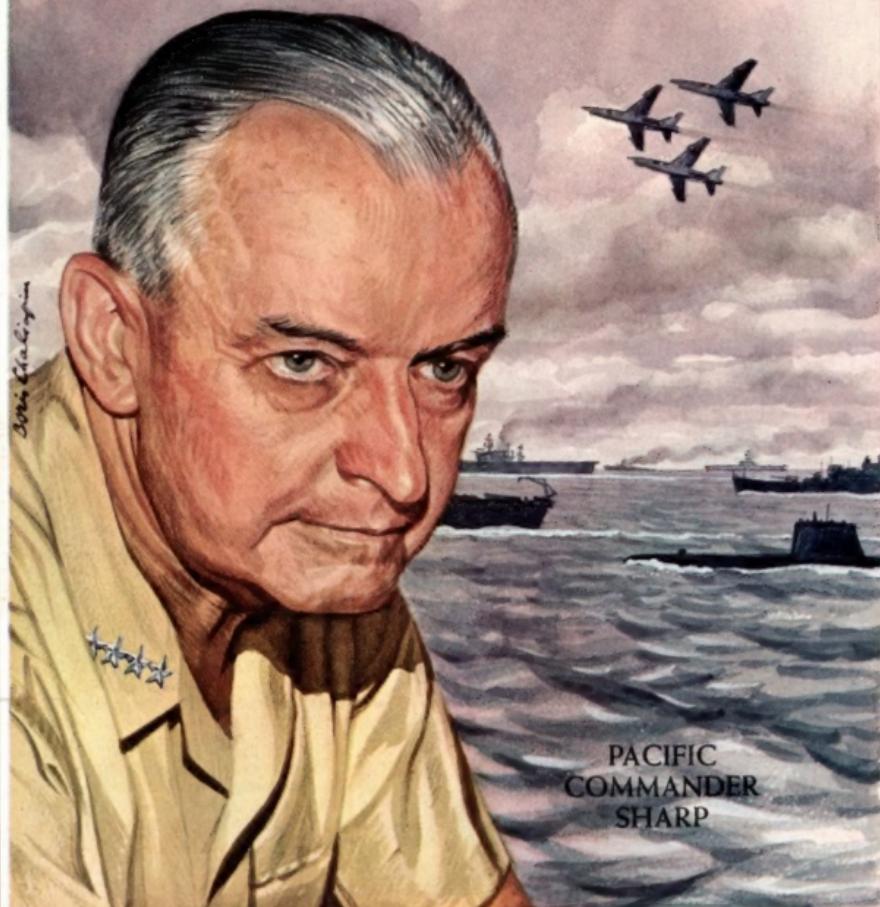
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 14, 1964

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE U.S. STAND IN ASIA



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## Allied Chemical takes the bite out of cold, the bulk out of clothes.

Urethane foam bonded to fabric is a new material for winter wear. It's bulkless, lightweight, yet warm as pounds of fleece. Urethane foam comes from chemicals by Allied Chemical. Name of the new material: urethane foam laminate. It's a lightweight freeze-fighter, thin as a cotton blanket, that defies even arctic cold. Its textile applications are almost limitless. In fact, manufacturers are designing urethane laminates into everything from chic coats for women to rugged combat jackets for the military. Basic

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swim in the Dead Sea. Then on to Cairo for three days, where you board your cruise ship for a sail to Syracuse and Naples. Home, by way of Rome and Munich, with memories to last a lifetime. Just \$1175.

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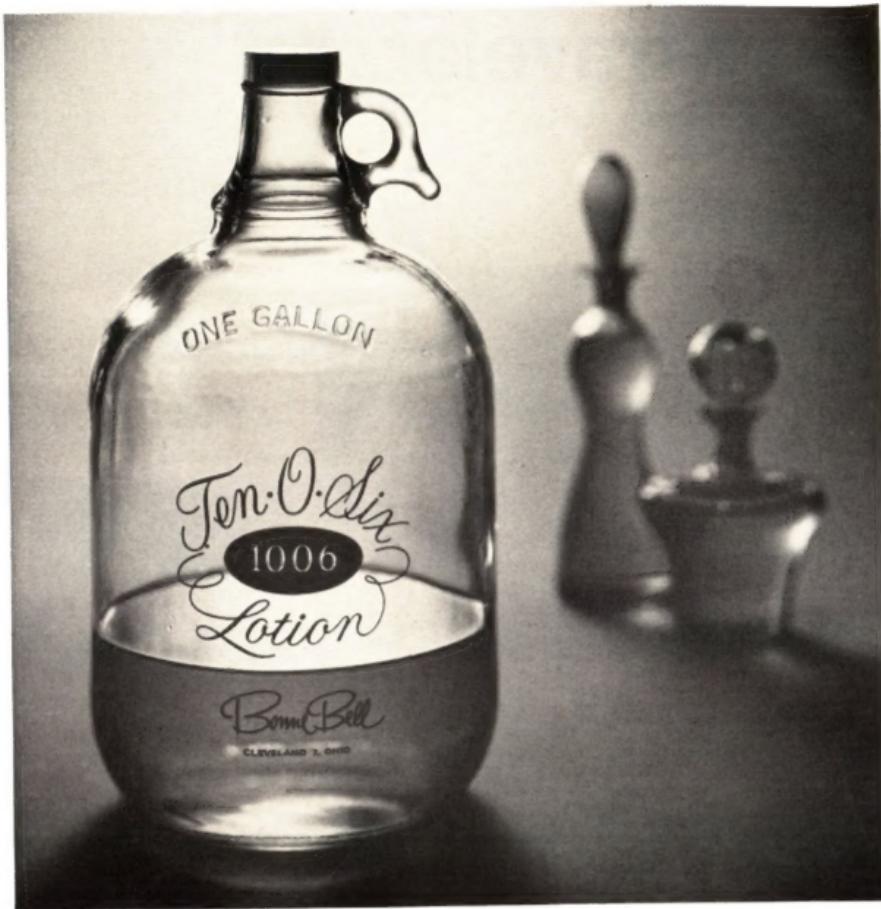
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Bureau of Casualty Underwriters and the National Automobile Underwriters Association for their member and subscribing companies, and Bureau companies using the Safe Driver Plan adjust these Bureau Rates upwards or downwards depending upon the driving record of the insured.

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GEICO DOES NOT USE THE "SAFE DRIVER PLAN" — However, most companies charging Bureau Rates do use the "Safe Driver Plan" in New York which requires that the rate established as the Bureau Rate be increased as much as 150% and reduced by only 10% depending upon the driving record

of the insured. Remember, GEICO does not use the "Safe Driver Plan" and when you insure with GEICO, your rates are not increased because of your driving record as is required under the "Safe Driver Plan."

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COVERAGE	BUREAU RATE WITH "SAFE DRIVER PLAN"	GEICO RATE WITHOUT "SAFE DRIVER PLAN"
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Medical Payments.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	20% reduction
Collision.....	10% reduction to 150% increase.....	30% reduction
Comprehensive.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction
Towing and Labor.....	No reduction or increase.....	30% reduction

(GEICO also gives you the usual additional savings in New York State of 10% for COMPACT CARS and 25% on additional cars when MORE-THAN-ONE-CAR is insured.)

## GEICO RATES IN CONNECTICUT AND NEW JERSEY

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Check your eligibility—must be over age 21 and under 65

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Name \_\_\_\_\_  Male  Single  
 Female  Married

Residence Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP # \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Age to Nearest Birthday \_\_\_\_\_

Car	Yr.	Make	Model (dx., etc.)	Re. Cv.	Body Style (sedan, etc.)	Purchased Mo.	New or used
1							
2							

Days per week driven to work: Car #1 \_\_\_\_\_ #2 \_\_\_\_\_

One way mileage: #1 \_\_\_\_\_ #2 \_\_\_\_\_

Is car used in business (except to and from work)? Car #1 \_\_\_\_\_ Car #2 \_\_\_\_\_

Location of car if different from above residence address:

Car #1: City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Car #2: City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Additional male drivers under age 25 in household at present time:

Age to Nearest Birthday	Relation	Married or Single	% of Use Car #1	Car #2
			%	%
			%	%

My present policy expires Mo. \_\_\_\_\_ Yr. \_\_\_\_\_

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1934: W. C. Fields embarks in the movie "Tillie and Gus." New England Life was in its 100th year.



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See how New England Life can help set you up with "a small fortune."

There'll always be a way to a quick buck (the route invariably taken by W. C. Fields in his movie roles). But in your real thirty-year-old world, the sure way to get an estate—for yourself as well as your family—is through cash-value life insurance. Here are some figures to prove it.

Say you start with a \$20,000 New England Life policy now. Assume you

use dividends to build up additional protection automatically. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$21,218. Premium payments total only \$13,846. So all the dollars you put in and \$7,372 more can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the policy's protection value has

risen from \$20,000 to \$32,878!

You'll search long and hard before finding a surer way to accumulate assets than in a New England Life policy. May we tell you more about it, by mail or in person? Just send a card or note to us at Department 6T, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02117.

**NEW ENGLAND LIFE**

# We wish Tony Lema would stop being so gentle.



With his watch. We made it. We made this great watch of ours to take all the stress a golfer (or any other sportsman) can give it — without flinching an instant. Tony's tough watch is a Rolex Oyster Perpetual. Which means it's 100% proof against perspiration, dirt, dust, extreme temperatures, and water (even to an ocean depth of 165 feet). You've probably noticed how all the ads for waterproof watches (including ours) have a footnote in very small print that says "when case, crown and crystal are intact." Sounds kind of like an out, doesn't it? Well, it can be. With the Oyster Perpetual it isn't. Every Oyster component is engineered to stay intact, through all kinds of rigors. The crown is even constructed to remain hermetically sealed if the stem is pulled out under water. And the crystal is held in place by our specially designed retaining ring, making it "crackleproof" and completely free from internal stress. It would take a formidable blow to undo an Oyster Perpetual. (By the way, we made the first waterproof watch.)

It's self-winding, too. And it can't overwind. And if you wear it for as little as six hours, you can take it off a shelf in 36 hours and find its accuracy hasn't faltered. (By the way, we made the first successful self-winding watch.)

And it's a chronometer. Which means that this watch, with its 25-jewel mechanism, came out with flying colors after 15 days and nights enduring the inflexible ordeals of an Official Swiss Testing Station. Came out of it with a seal and a certificate attesting its maintenance of at least 99.98% accuracy throughout and after the grueling tests. (By the way, we made the first wrist chronometer.)

And this is the watch Tony Lema won't wear when he's competing. Sure, he loves his Rolex, and it's on his wrist almost all the rest of the time — when he's traveling or swimming or champagne drinking or such. But put it to the test? Let the whole sports world see what a pro of a watch he has during tournaments? Never! Tony says he just can't stand anything (except the glove) on his hands or arms while he's playing. (We say he's just babying his Rolex.)

If you want to really swing with this watch, see the best jeweler in your city. Tony Lema's Rolex is 14 K gold — case and bracelet. It costs \$495 including federal tax. The same tough watch is available in stainless steel or stainless steel/14 K gold combination from \$172.50. Send for free folder of sportsmen's watches . . . American Rolex Watch Corp., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036. 

**ROLEX**

## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Summer is rerun time on TV, the time when the people who never watch during the winter get a second chance to not watch and the people who were glued to the tube all season discover that most of what they saw isn't worth a second look. A few benefit, however: fans who missed a segment of their favorite series the night the house burned down, virtuous husbands stuck in the city while their wives and children are vacationing at the beach, baseball addicts too bemused by beer to switch off when the game is over, and other misfits.

For this motley assortment of summer viewers, there are occasional items of interest. There is, for example, a chance to check out some of the new show business faces without actually risking an entire evening or bankroll—many of the new nightclubs names appear on summer variety programs, while the latest acting sensations often turn up on new interview or old dramatic shows. And since television reviews almost always appear after the fact, sometimes praising specials or particular episodes of series when it's too late to see them, the TV nonregular can catch up on worthy ones he missed.

Wednesday, August 12

**ESPIONAGE** (NBC, 9-10 p.m.)<sup>o</sup> This series, which was time-slotted against ABC's *Ben Casey* and CBS's *Beverly Hillbillies* last season, was one of the year's biggest ratings flops, although it was often good and occasionally excellent. This episode is about an American jazz musician arrested in the U.S.S.R. for spying while on a Government-sponsored tour. Repeat.

Friday, August 14

**BURKE'S LAW** (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Each week Millionaire-Detective Gene Barry rounds up a collection of murder victims and suspects played by veteran actors, contemporary celebrities and/or glamor girls of recent vintage. This week the line-up includes Chill Wills, Ed Wynn and Brockovich Crawford. Repeat.

**INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY SPECTACULAR** (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Girls from 46 countries and 44 states will compete for the title of Miss International Beauty and the \$10,000 that goes with it, telecast live from Long Beach, Calif.

**THE DEATH OF STALIN** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Not to be confused with *Playhouse 90*'s controversial, fictionalized account of Stalin's death, which got CBS News kicked out of the U.S.S.R. in 1958, this NBC White Paper, aired early in 1963, is a straightforward documentary, but the Russians kicked NBC News out anyway. (CBS News was reinstated in 1960, but NBC is still banned.)

Saturday, August 15

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Women's National A.A.U. Swimming Championships in Los Altos, Calif.; the Women's National A.A.U. Diving Championships in Los Angeles; and the Isle of Man Motorcycle Races.

**NBC SPORTS SPECIAL** (NBC, 5:30-6 p.m.). Highlights of a polo match on the royal polo field at Windsor Castle with Prince

= All times E.D.T.

TIME, AUGUST 14, 1964



After practicing  
baton twirling,  
Judy climbed the  
apple tree to rescue  
the cat, skated  
to the store for  
bobby pins. Now she's  
home from dancing class.  
She needs a sugarless,  
go-less soft drink like a  
kangaroo needs a baby  
buggy. What are little  
girls made of? Sugar.

For energy.

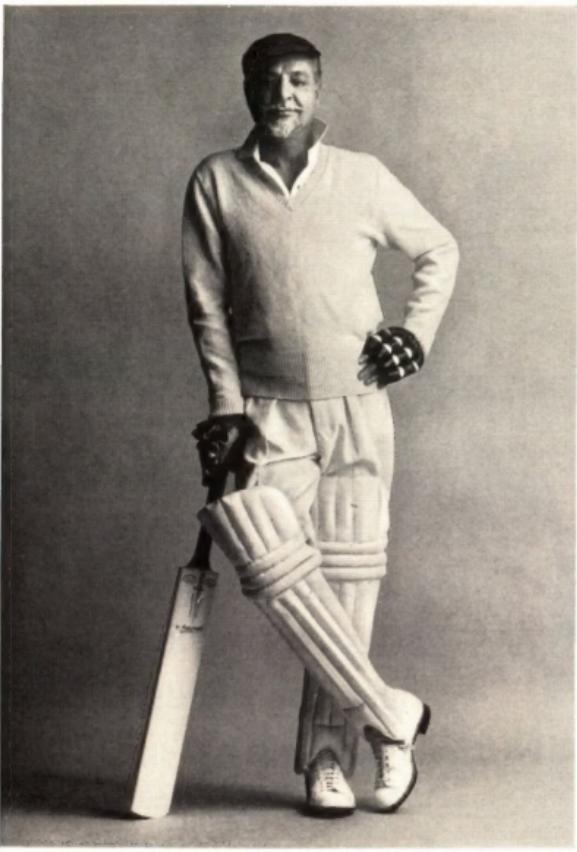
**NOTE TO MOTHERS**

How much energy does your child get from the synthetic sweetener in a bottle of diet soft drink? Exactly none. And how much energy does she need? You tell us—and ask yourself if you're doing her a favor when you stock the refrigerator with no-sugar soft drinks. She'll drink them—her thirst craves anything that's cold and wet. But if you want her to have the energy she needs, you'll bring home the kind with sugar.

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Philip's Windsor team playing the Jersey Lilies.

**HOOTENANNY** (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A chance to catch a new nightclub star, Trini Lopez, who whangs at his guitar and sings.

**SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES** (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *The Journey*, M-G-M's 1959 movie about a small group of Western civilians trying to get out of Hungary during the 1956 revolt, features expert, vigorous performances by the entire cast which includes Deborah Kerr, Yul Brynner, Jason Robards Jr., Robert Morley and E. G. Marshall. Color.

Sunday, August 16  
**SPORTS SPECTACULAR FROM LONDON** (CBS, 5:50 p.m.). The Royal International Horse Show.

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). A day in the life of Rhodes Scholar Winston J. Churchill Jr. (no kin) from North Wales, Pa., one of the many students who have studied, over the years, at Oxford University under the scholarship program set up before his death in 1902 by the South African financier-statesman Cecil Rhodes. Repeat.

**HOLLYWOOD AND THE STARS** (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.). *The Great Lovers* is a documentary largely composed of scenes from old movies starring Hollywood's great gentlemen of passion from Francis X. Bushman to Marlon Brando. Repeat.

**EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Borrowing perhaps from *Hamlet*, this segment has a TV-show-within-a-TV-show, featuring a rare acting appearance by *E.S.W.S.*'s Executive Producer David Susskind, who is typecast as a TV panel moderator. It apparently failed, however, to catch the conscience of King David—he and CBS have since abandoned the entire series. Repeat.

**THE RISE OF KHRUSHCHEV** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). NBC's 1963 White Paper on Nikita-the-Bold's ascent to the throne left vacant by Stalin. Chet-the-Huntley narrates. Repeat.

## THEATER

The heat of summer withers marginal plays, and the survivors are either of proven merit or exceptional freshness. Best of the survivors:

**THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES** but the thorns draw blood in this perceptive play by Frank Gilroy about people who live within the closeness of a family without being close.

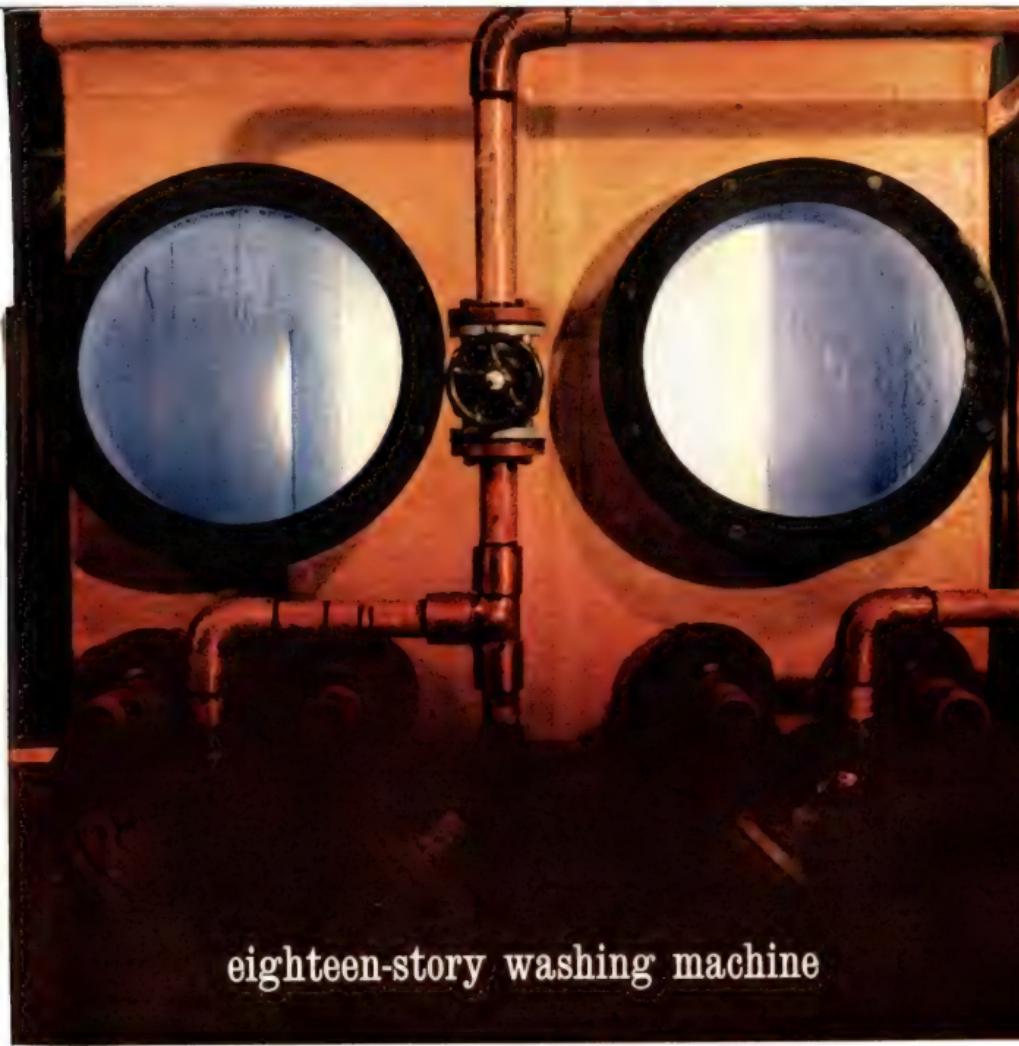
**FUNNY GIRL** shines in the refracted light of a brilliant new star, Barbra Streisand, who colors every song and caps her clowning with an indelible stage presence.

**HIGH SPIRITS** is notable for a slapstick séance conducted by mad Bea Lillie, and for the performance of impish Tammy Grimes, who as a spirit brought back to haunt her husband is about as ghostly as a rainbow.

**ANY WEDNESDAY**, Sandy Dennis plays a kept doll with an unkept sense of humor that leads to precious little sex but lots of fun.

**HELLO, DOLLY!** is a twinkle-toed musical, thanks to Director-Choreographer Gower Champion's dancer and Resourceful Matchmaker Carol Channing.

**DYLAN**, Alec Guinness probes the special hell in which Dylan Thomas found himself. His brilliant performance is moody, taut with rage and sometimes bright with humor.



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**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.** A pair of newlyweds clamber five flights to a Manhattan flat to coo, till and touse in a variety of dress and undress. Playwright Neil Simon is a laugh merchant who never runs out of lines.

## CINEMA

**CARTOUCHE.** In Director Philippe de Broca's carefree parody of a period saga, Jean-Paul Belmondo is the Gallic, sword-swinging Robin Hood who robs from the rich, gives to the poor, and keeps Claudia Cardinale for himself.

**THAT MAN FROM RIO.** Fighting off mad scientists, crocodiles and poisoned darts, Belmondo strikes again in Director de Broca's faster—and even funnier—spoof of Hollywood action melodramas.

**THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA.** At a sunny resort for shady people, Director John Huston guides Richard Burton, Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner through some oddly exciting sessions of group therapy devised by Playwright Tennessee Williams.

**ISLAND OF THE BLUE DOLPHINS.** This intelligent and tasteful tale of an Indian girl (Celia Kaye) who shares an island exile with her dog is a model of what children's pictures ought to be but seldom are.

**A SHOT IN THE DARK.** As a maladroit inspector from the Sûreté, Peter Sellers pursues Elke Sommer through a multiple murder case and turns up fresh evidence that he is one of the funniest actors alive.

**SEDUCED AND ABANDONED.** Young love becomes a savage Sicilian nightmare in a sometimes wildly farcical, sometimes deeply affecting tragicomedy by Director Pietro Germi, previously noted for his brilliant *Divorce—Italian Style*.

**MAFOSO.** Director Alberto Lattuada fills in the background with some gloriously garlicky slices of provincial Sicilian life while Comedian Alberto Sordi struggles soberly with the insidious Mafia.

**ZULU.** A bit of bloody British history, vintage 1879, makes a grisly good show as a doughty band of resilients defends an African outpost against 4,000 proud Zulu warhorses.

**THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN.** As a girl from the mining camps, Debbie Reynolds makes waves in Denver society and energetically keeps this big, brassy version of Meredith Willson's Broadway musical from going under.

**NOTHING BUT THE BEST.** A lower-crust clerk (Alan Bates) hires an upper-crust crumb to teach him the niceties of Establishment snobbery in this cheeky, stylish, often superlative British satire.

**THE ORGANIZER.** Director Mario Monicelli's drama about a 19th century strike in Turin has warmth, humor, stunning photography, and a superb performance by Marcello Mastroianni as a sort of Socialist Savonarola.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**THE OYSTERS OF LOCHMARIAQUER,** by Eleanor Clark. By weaving history, topography, marine biology and lyrical gastronomy around the arduous everyday lives of the French seacoast villagers who tend and harvest the *Ostrea edulis*. Author Clark has written a book-length monograph on the world's most prized oyster with the same beguiling erudition that characterized her *Rome and a Villa*.

**EUGENE ONEGIN,** translation and commentary in four volumes by Vladimir



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Exhilarating!  
Masculine!**



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and liquidity of their funds. That's why they selected First Federal. Here their funds can be fully-insured by the FSLIC through distribution to member associations. Here their money earns handsome dividends because it is wisely reinvested by experienced management.

Your own funds can be this safe, this productive, this accessible in a First Federal Savings Account. It's easy and profitable for professionals to save at First Federal . . . just as easy and profitable for you.

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**ASSETS OVER 200 MILLION DOLLARS**

Nabokov, Polylingual; and a poet in his own right. Novelist-Scholar Nabokov (*Pale Fire*) has translated Alexander Pushkin's remarkable 19th century novel-in-verse with a sense of accuracy and range of meaning closer to the original Russian than any previous version. Nabokov's supplementary volumes of notes provide the amusing, exasperating and always impressive sight of a crusty literary personality in action.

SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION, by Ken Kesey, the author's first novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, took place in an insane asylum and proposed the paradox that a good man is hated by lesser men equally in triumph and defeat. This second novel, which repeats the same theme in a larger setting, is less effective for the added dimensions, yet is as exuberant and brawling as the Pacific Northwest lumbering country it describes.

THE RECTOR OF JUSTIN, by Louis Auchincloss. No better chronicler of Massachusetts' elite Groton School and its wise, eccentric founder, Endicott Peabody, could have been hoped for. This intricate, fascinating novel about "Dr. Prescott" of "Justin" finally fulfills Author Auchincloss' long promise as a major novelist.

**CHILDREN AND OTHERS**, by James Gould Cozzens. Many of the stories in this collection also concern a fashionable Eastern boarding school for boys; and if they come off less well, it is that they focus on the institution itself rather than the visitors and boys. But *Children and Others* represents Cozzens at his most controlled, and therefore his best, and the writing is as precise as in *Guard of Honor*.

**TWO NOVELS**, by Brigid Brophy. In these elegant and wickedly brilliant novellas about a masquerade ball and a lesbian schoolmistress, Brigid Brophy shows subtlety of both thought and style.

**THE FAR FIELD**, by Theodore Roethke. A posthumous selection of the poems Roethke wrote during the last seven years of his life celebrates movingly and prophetically "the last pure stretch of joy, the dire dimension of a final thing."

## Best Sellers

## FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold  
Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Armageddon, Uriš (4)
3. Julian, Vidal (2)
4. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (5)
5. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (3)
6. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (8)
7. The 480, Burdick (6)
8. The Spire, Golding (9)
9. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (7)
10. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer

## SOURCE

1. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (1)
2. Harlow, Shulman (6)
3. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross (2)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vassour (3)
5. Crisis in Black and White, Silberman (7)
6. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (4)
7. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (5)
8. Mississippi: The Closed Society, Silver
9. The Kennedy Wit, Adler
10. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Redrup (3).

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# GET THE MOST OUT OF MEXICO

Mexico City/Acapulco/Guadalajara



by Peter Griffith

Mexico is so vast and so varied that deciding what to see sometimes seems an insuperable task. Happily, the Mexico City-Acapulco-Guadalajara triangle gives you the essence of the many Mexicos: natural spectacle and architectural splendor, excitement and relaxation. Travel between the three is simple—and in each there's a magnificent hotel waiting to pamper you with all the comforts of Hilton. You'll enjoy full-air conditioning, exciting local décor, superb Mexican and international cuisine, friendly Hilton service.



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At the Continental Hilton on the Paseo de la Reforma you're right at the center of everything you'll want to see and do. Between lunch at the Café-Grill Tarasco and cocktails in the rooftop Belvedere Bar, you can hop a cab to the world's largest bull ring...discover the treasures of Emperor Maximilian in Chapultepec

Castle...watch the jai alai players at Frontón México...or shop up a storm in the Avenida Madero.

While you relax after your explorations, gaze at Popocatepetl from your terrace. Sip tequila in the Maya Bar as you listen to the most exciting music in all of Mexico City. Dine and dance in the Belvedere Supper Club, with the whole city spread out below you and fascinating people all around. Rooms start as low as \$9.20 a day, single, \$11.20 double.



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The Acapulco Hilton (one hour's flight from Mexico City) is your perfect base for big-game shark and sail fishing and big-name spotting (and being spotted)...the sports that made Acapulco famous.

It's right on the beach at fabulous Acapulco Bay, with acres of tropical gardens around it. Every room has an ocean view. Every sun-filled day the temperature's in the low eighties. And everything here is informal, easy, relaxing. The swimming pool is so big there's an island-restaurant in the middle of it. Dine and dance there. Or have a marvelous time in the Jarana Bar—the "in" place in Acapulco. Rates start at \$14 a day, single, \$16 double.

## Oasis in Guadalajara

This ancient Spanish city is only an hour's flight from Mexico City or Acapulco. It's famous for its flowering trees, fabulous climate...and (come late summer '64) for an oasis of modern comfort called the Guadalajara Hilton. Living here is beautiful. The hotel's magnificent swimming pool is in a garden setting. The superb Restaurant Grill has a menu that's a gourmet's delight. And the rooftop Supper Club Belvedere offers magnificent views of the city...and a night of dancing. There's tennis and golf nearby. Good hunting and fishing a short drive away. For more outdoor sport, discover the largest lake in Mexico, the famous glassblowers of Tlaquepaque and the music of the mariachis. Rates start at \$14 a day, single, \$16 double.

Tantalize yourself. Write for color brochures and rates to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N.Y. For reservations, see your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book). In New York, call LO 3-6900. At all Hilton Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Credit Identification Card.



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At the World's Fair in New York — dine at the HILTON CAFE INTERNATIONAL atop the Better Living Center.

# THE NEW YORK FAIR

See the fair, by all means, but keep in mind that Flushing Meadow is filled with hundreds of pavilions, rides, restaurants and hawkers, all competing for the fairgoer's attention, time and cash. The way to get the most for all three is to start with a plan. A few pointers: not all the best shows are at the end of the longest lines, and it can be safely assumed that the line will be half as long inside as out; admission to most pavilions is free, but where it is not, the charge is usually \$1 or less; the restaurants are generally expensive.

## PAVILIONS

**U.S. SPACE PARK.** The show put on by NASA and the Defense Department would be the fair's center of attraction if it were closer to the center of the fair. The most imposing array of rocketry assembled outside Cape Kennedy includes the TIROS and Telstar satellites, Scott Carpenter's Mercury capsule with a dummy of the astronaut inside, the 90-ft-high Titan II-Gemini rocket and spacecraft, and a foretaste of the future: models of the butt end of the monster rocket Saturn V, its Apollo capsule, and Lemi, the lunar excursion module that is supposed to put man on the moon.

**FORD'S** Rotunda is several city blocks long and, usually, so is the line waiting to see the show. Fords—new ones, old ones, open tops and sports models—are all over the place, even take the fairgoers through "the world that was."

**CHRYSLER'S** "year of the future" looks like a giant whitewashed Jeep, is 34 ft. high, has genuine bucket seats, and a lot of cladding on the dash. The whole show pokes fun at auto-mania, is one of the sprightliest in the transportation area.

**GENERAL MOTORS** Futurama rolls along, riding 90,000 people daily past model cities of the future built in jungles, underwater and in outer space. After the trip, visitors can inspect a full line of today's G.M. cars and three sleek models designed for tomorrow's automatic highways.

**TRANSPORTATION & TRAVEL.** There are several movies here, but the one to catch is *From Here to There*, a short short created by Saul Bass for the United Airlines exhibit. It shows the unique view of the world that the airplane affords.

**VATICAN.** The important thing here, of course, is the *Pieta*. Michelangelo's marble masterpiece of tenderness and compassion, poorly displayed. But not to be overlooked is *The Good Shepherd*, a magnificent early Roman sculpture in the chapel upstairs.

**SUDAN.** Some shobhilli storks imported from the Sudan make like clowns, but the main attention getter is a fragile *Madonna and Child* painted on the mud walls of a church around the 8th century and discovered last year by U.N. archaeologists scurrying to preserve antiquities from the Aswan Dam backwaters.

**JAPAN** proudly presents its modern technological miracle, but never omits the ancient arts that grace its culture: flower arranging, woodblock printing, the tea ceremony. Top Sculptor Masayuki Nagare created the powerful stone wall that beautifies the pavilion.

**JOHNSON'S WAX.** Filmmakers Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid traversed three continents to produce a movie that is fast, fresh and free of commercial-

ism. *To Be Alive!* opens on Manhattan's midtown madness, then starts life over again and leads the spectator along the joyous paths of childhood.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC.** The genial genius of Walt Disney, which also perks up the pavilions of Pepsi-Cola and Illinois, is responsible for this amusing tale of what electricity has wrought in the home. Dad brags about his household appliances through three generations, but Mom, rescued from work, has the last word. Besides Disney's dummies, G.E. has a display of nuclear fusion.

**IBM** entertains you while you wait on the intertwining ramps—no other exhibit can make this claim. Once in, the People Wall whisks you up into the giant egg, where the Information Machine reveals that you too can be a computer, of sorts.

**COCA-COLA.** A clatter of rickshaws and the chatter of Chinese start the visitor on a walk around the world: past a Hong Kong market to the Taj Mahal, on to the Bavarian Alps, through a Cambodian jungle, winding up on a cruise ship bobbing in Rio's harbor. Afterwards, thirsty voyagers can pause and refresh at Coke stands in the courtyard.

**SPAIN.** The pavilion is the most beautiful at the fair, suggests the courtyards of Castile and the filigreed palaces of Andalusia. To it, Spain brought the best she has: priceless paintings by Goya, El Greco, Zurbaran and Velasquez, three prize Picassos, as well as folk dancers who perform in the gardens, bullfight movies and three fine restaurants.

**CENTRAL AMERICA AND PANAMA.** Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama bring together a handsome exhibition of contemporary paintings and colorful folk art. For 25¢, fairgoers can sip Central American coffee and listen to a Latin rhythm combo in an open-air patio.

## ENTERTAINMENT

**TEATRO ESPAÑOL** in Spain's pavilion has辉煌 performances by Rosa Durán and the Zambra flamenco dancers, and Virtuosos Antonio Gades, Manuela Vargas, and Nana Loreca. It is the best entertainment at the fair, and only \$1.

**OREGON** puts on a logger jubilee on the banks of the dark, dark Flushing River the likes of which hasn't graced its scented waters before. Husky lumberjacks clomp about like junior Paul Bunyans, chop through giant timber in jig time, jostle each other into the water, and sport atop towering Douglas firs.

**AFRICA.** You can sit in a tree house sipping cool drinks or stand in a gravel clearing surrounded by African huts and cages containing monkeys and listen to the jungle drums and watch warrior dances.

**JAPAN.** The ancient Japanese ritual of *chu-ni-yu* takes place in a little teahouse beside a stony brook rimmed with flowers. Guests learn how to kneel, bow, and savor the subtleties of the venerable ceremony while munching sweet cake and sipping bitter green tea.

**CARIBBEAN.** At night, torches blaze in the breeze, couples congregate at thatched-roof tables, while brown-skinned babes in tighter-than-skin pants gyrate to the hot blasts and calypso beat of bongo drums and steel bands. There is no place to

dance, but the itchy-footed shake or shuffle outside on the sidewalk. It's better not to mention the food, but there is a \$3 minimum after 6 p.m.

## CHILDREN & TEEN-AGERS

**PEPSI-COLA.** Children seem to like the boat ride through Walt Disney's doll land better than anything else. French dolls cancan, Iranian dolls fly on Persian carpets. Scottish dolls climb steep plaid mountains. Indian dolls charm snakes, and all 350 of the prodigious puppets sing the praises of a small world.

**MINNESOTA** brings a bit of the Big Woods to Flushing Meadow. Through winding water and twisting tunnels, you can paddle your own canoe or, from a wooden bridge, fish for trout too well-fed to be much interested in dry flies.

**HALL OF SCIENCE.** Only the basement is completed, but Atomsville, U.S.A., has become a favorite of the younger set. For one thing, the entrance is only 5 ft. high, and adults are reduced to watching on closed-circuit TV. For another, kids can press buttons and twist knobs to their heart's content, learn where uranium is or how atoms interact. Other displays explore the sea and the human brain.

**SINCLAIR'S** ginkgo-tree grove is filled with dummy dinosaurs. The monster brontosaurus, stegosaurus and their extinct relatives stand around and blink back at all those odd-looking two-leggers ogling them.

## RESTAURANTS

**TOLEDO.** The Spanish pavilion has three restaurants. The first-class Toledo serves fine French food in an elegant decor, and the service is superb, \$5-\$25. The Granada offers an all-Spanish menu at slightly lower prices. In La Marisqueria, you can lunch as the *Madrileños* do on *tapa*s—small dishes of seafood delicacies—and red wine or sherry.

**DENMARK.** The Danish modern pavilion of glass and latticed woods has a fine restaurant that serves the traditional grand cold table for \$6.50.

**SWEDEN** also has an excellent smorgasbord, but here you serve yourself, \$6.

**FESTIVAL OF GAS** is operated by Restaurant Associates, specializes in authentic American dishes. The menu varies but often includes such entrees as lobster Newburg or broiled duckling. \$6-\$12.

**THE MILLSTONE.** From the colonial atmosphere of the New England pavilion's restaurant, you can look out on a millpond while enjoying down-East specialties like hominy cakes with hot maple syrup, clam chowder and blueberry slum. \$5-\$9.

**FOCOLARE** is a handsome dining room in the Mexican pavilion that serves good Mexican food (chicken, tacos and enchiladas). *Mariachis* serenade the diners as well as the cocktail crowd in the Café Alameda, a floor below.

**MARYLAND'S** restaurant overlooks a fisherman's wharf with eel pots dangling in the water. On the menu: soft-shell crab, terrapin, shad roe and, of course, fried chicken Southern style. \$3-\$10.

**INDONESIA** has one of the most exotic dining rooms at the fair, includes a center stage full of Balinese and Sumatran dancers. The food does not quite match the surroundings, having been watered down for the American taste. \$7-\$15.

Dinner prices per person.



## This mill used to make cotton ties and barrel hoops. Now it's a pioneer in continuous casting.

Cotton bale ties and barrel hoops: the staple items at Birmingham's venerable Connors Steel Company in 1950. Good products in the Mississippi Riverboat era, but not to meet the needs of the rapidly-industrializing South. But in 1950 Connors was acquired by H. K. Porter Company, Inc., and became its steel division.

The nineteenth century went out, fast. In came new products: cold finished bars, merchant bars, bar shapes, light structural shapes and special hot rolled and cold drawn sections. In came new electric fur-

naces, rolling mills and auxiliary equipment. Another steel company, in Huntington, W. Va., was acquired by Porter and added to the Connors division. It, too, was modernized.

This month, the most advanced modernization program of all can be announced: full operation of a new continuous casting machine at the Birmingham mill. It's the first unit in the nation with the capability to cast steel billets *truly* continuously, heat after heat. How do our customers benefit? Quite simply, the quality of our steel will go up significantly. So, too, will uniformity and

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Pioneering in continuous casting is an example of the resourceful service to industry of H. K. Porter Company, Inc. Our product line includes carbon and alloy steels, refractories, copper-base, stainless and specialty alloys, forgings, stampings, fittings, electrical equipment, automotive and industrial rubber and friction products, tools and paint.

For additional information on our steel products or a guide to all Porter products, write Steel Department A, H. K. Porter Company, Inc., Porter Building, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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## **News from Simmons ... new selective audience characteristics researched exclusively for FORTUNE**

**Now, FORTUNE's Simmons report provides audience statistics compatible with Simmons' 1964 "Selective Markets" study PLUS business leaders' attitudes about five business and news magazines as carriers of advertising**

If your product is recommended or approved at management levels, you will want to compare the concentration of "Top-Income Managerial and Professional" readers in each of five business and news magazines. It probably won't surprise you to find that business magazines offer a much higher concentration of managers and professionals earning \$15,000 and over. What may surprise you is how much greater the concentration is. For example, among the Top-Income Managers and Professionals, FORTUNE has 110 readers per 100 copies; the highest scoring news weekly delivers only 34 readers per 100. Anyone responsible for spending his company's or his client's money cannot overlook this concentration pattern.

### **Added Dimensions in the FORTUNE Study**

Also new in FORTUNE's report, "The Audiences of Business Leaders Among Five Magazines"—added dimensions which were not included in Simmons' "Selective Markets" studies. For example, FORTUNE commissioned Simmons to collect information about the job functions of these Top-Income Managers and Professionals. Four technical/production areas of responsibility have been identified as being especially relevant to the purchase of goods and services. They are: (1) engineering, design, research and development, (2) production, (3) maintenance and servicing, and of course (4) purchasing itself. In addition to the

five-magazine comparisons by technical/production functions, the FORTUNE report includes, for the same five magazines, comparative audience figures for a number of non-technical functions, such as administrative, finance, marketing.

### **Attitudes of Top-Income Managers and Professionals toward Five Magazines as Carriers of Advertising**

Another new dimension in the FORTUNE study deals with the attitudes of Top-Income Managers and Professionals regarding the advertising carried in the five magazines. Since it is generally accepted that the attitudes a reader has about a magazine will carry over to the way he reacts to an advertising message in that magazine, these questions will be of unusual interest to advertisers. Comparative figures show which of the five business and news magazines Top-Income Managers and Professionals consider as having...advertising that is most interesting...advertising that influences the most important business executives...advertising that is most authoritative...plus other advertising-oriented attitudes.

### **"The Audiences of Five Magazines Among Business Leaders" is now available**

The FORTUNE report will help you evaluate the five business and news magazines. For full details see your FORTUNE representative. *Unless he sees you first.*

# **FORTUNE**



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## *What happens when we put wings on our economy?*

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This "general aviation" fleet makes 18 million flights a year, compared to 7 million by the airlines. Of the 8,000 air fields in this nation, 576 are served by

the scheduled airlines, but the business fleet uses virtually all of them.

Next year more than 200 million dollars will be invested in utility aircraft. It is an investment in time, an investment in cutting business costs by cutting business distances.

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## LETTERS

### Crackback in Viet Nam

Sir: After reading your cover story on Viet Nam [Aug. 15] I felt almost prepared for the current crisis. But I cannot understand why "Washington officials" were so alarmed at the prospect of the crisis coming to a head before the election. I think that it is fortunate that the voters will now be able to judge Johnson's skill in the art of "big-stick" diplomacy.

TANIA BELDEN

New York City

Sir: If the ultimate American goal in Southeast Asia is to stem the flow of Communism, and if an increased effort on America's part leads to even more aggressiveness by the Chinese-supported Communists, where will it all end? I don't see how a limited supply of men can defeat the almost inexhaustible Chinese supply in a conventional war in China's own backyard.

JAMES JOHNSON

Ottawa

Sir: As a "fellow Amurrican," I am appalled at the President's apparent concept of "judicious restraint" applied this week in the Gulf of Tonkin. If a neighbor's child hits yours, do you cut off your neighbor's hand—and then proudly proclaim your "limited and fitting response" because you didn't kill both parents? I am disappointed that my country has chosen to play the role of the strong young father stumping around the world with a bomb on his shoulder.

DENNIS ANSON

Gainesville, Fla.

Sir: President Johnson has shown that he is truly a man of courage and strength in the action that he has taken in the Viet Nam crisis. This was a well-calculated and wise decision. Bless him for it.

JAMES W. PARKER  
Parma Heights, Ohio

### Backlash Sting

Sir: The one-paragraph example of extremism by Negro comedian Ray Scott [July 31] is the most revolting, sadistic thing I have ever read. I'm beginning to understand why there will be a "white backlash" in November.

N. C. NIELSEN

Mankato, Minn.

Sir: Everybody knows that the Negroes hate Goldwater. I suppose King and the other Negro leaders think that after November it will be fine for the riots to begin all over again. They had better wake up, because their idol, President Johnson, just might not make it. In Goldwater we will have a President with all the qualities necessary to make our country safe from Communism and riots!

ROY F. WOOD

Tampa, Fla.

Sir: So far, I have been robbed twice by Negroes, kicked in the head and left in an alley. So far, I am still a brother to the Negro, but offhand I would say that the Negro is pushing too hard.

HOWARD J. WILLIAMS

San Diego

Sir: I used to be in sympathy with those people, but now I believe I will say yes to Goldwater come November.

CHARLES L. CONUS

Hollywood

Sir: Skip the polls for the presidential election. Too many two-faced Americans in the privacy of the voting booth will vote differently from what they indicate to neighbors or to pollsters. It is Goldwater all the way—for there are enough prejudiced Americans to elect him.

A. H. GOUDNER

Southfield, Mich.

Sir: If Goldwater hopes to win the election by winning that portion of our society that seeks to perpetuate white supremacy, if he neglects to condemn openly and forthrightly its bigotry, if he hopes by his silence to encourage its vote, then he may be successful. But he will have sold out his convictions and become President for the most heinous reason in our nation's history.

TIM BEECK

Fairborn, Ohio

Sir: The real truth is that there is no sudden white backlash; it is not new—it has been in existence for more than a hundred years. Goldwater is simply a present-day excuse for opposing equal rights.

A. BAILEY

Pittsburgh

### Moon Gazing

Sir: I enjoyed your well-prepared and well-presented article on the recent trip of Ranger VII to the moon [Aug. 7]. Overlooked by many, but not by me, was the speed with which you prepared this story and rushed it into the hands of your readers.

LESTER C. HARLOW

Arlington, Va.

### The Long, Hot Summer

Sir: Your article on Harlem [July 31] was more than fine reporting. It was brilliant social commentary and distinguished literature. It points up the awesome enormity of the Negro problem and the need for perseverance, intelligence and decency in working toward its solution.

CHARLES S. JOEISON  
Eighth District, N.J.  
Congress of the U.S.  
Washington, D.C.

Sir: The New York police would have suffered considerably less from thrown bottles, bricks, etc., if they had been provided with wicker shields such as those I have seen used by the Nigerian riot police. These shields are light, and they protect most of the head and body against

the usual missiles of an enraged mob. They are also reasonably inexpensive, easy to transport in a hurry to trouble spots, and a good morale booster for harassed policemen.

BRIAN M. BARROW

Houston

Sir: You state that the "numbers game" drains Harlem of \$50 million a year. Much of this probably comes out of welfare checks. If the state or city government were to set up a legal numbers game, not only could this \$50 million be diverted from the pockets of racketeers, but it could be pumped back into Harlem in the form of improved education, vocational training, recreational facilities and other worthwhile projects designed to build productive, first-class citizens.

RALPH HYDE

Concord, N.H.

Sir: Regarding citizen review boards (to consider civilian complaints of police practices), only four municipalities have established such boards: Philadelphia; York, Pa.; Minneapolis; and Rochester, Minn. The York and Minneapolis boards petered out before getting off the ground, but the Philadelphia board, established in 1958, is flourishing, and has performed a substantial service to the community.

SPENCER COX

American Civil Liberties Union  
Philadelphia

Sir: At no time did I say to your reporter that "once welfare workers could not tell one Negro child from another and all kids in the neighborhood ran from house to house, a few steps ahead of the social worker, to pad the rolls." There are no facts to support this statement. The problem of unrelated children living with families in receipt of public assistance is not and has not been characteristic of Negroes. Our use of birth certificates and school records is required by federal and state policies for all families receiving aid for dependent children. It is not for the purpose of controlling the identity of Negro dependent children.

JAMES R. DUMPSON  
Commissioner

Department of Welfare  
New York City

► *Time* inadvertently attributed that outline to Welfare Commissioner Dumpson.—ED.

Sir: As I leave for home (Kenya), I shall take with me your issues of July 17 and July 31 as a reference in answering the very many questions I will be asked about the South and Harlem. In my 180

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 14, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 7

FD-102 510 FORCE

U.S. AIR FORCE

U.S. AIR FORCE

## THE NATION

NEWLY ARRIVED F-102 INTERCEPTORS IN SAIGON

*The indispensable weapons are strength and resoluteness.*

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### A Measured & Fitting Response

"Repeated acts of violence against the armed forces of the United States," said the President, "must be met not only with alert defense but with positive reply." Even as Lyndon Johnson spoke to the nation in a late-evening television appearance, U.S. naval aircraft were hurtling through the Southeast Asian skies to attack selected targets in Communist North Viet Nam. That was the reply about which the President spoke, a reply to one of the most ill-considered Communist moves against the U.S. in recent years: two torpedo-boat attacks against U.S. destroyers that had been steaming in international waters in the Gulf of Tonkin.

**Chorus of Approval.** That reply, carefully measured and fitted to match the challenge, won instantaneous, widespread support for the President within the nation and from a strong array of U.S. friends around the world. Editorial pages throughout the country blossomed with a rare chorus of approval. On Capitol Hill, the Congress endorsed a resolution backing the President. In California, where he had been yachting, Barry Goldwater got a personal telephone call from Johnson, heard him out and issued a statement of support even before the President made his appearance on television. "I am sure that every American will subscribe to the actions outlined in the President's statement," said the Republican presidential candidate. "I believe it is the only thing we can do under the circumstances. We cannot allow the American flag to be shot at anywhere on earth if we are to retain our respect and prestige."

Even more widespread than support

for the U.S. action was bafflement about the basic question: Why did Hanoi mount attacks on the U.S. might in the first place? Why, after failing in the first attack and being warned of reprisal, did the North Vietnamese try again with somewhat more of their tiny force? In answer, Washington experts could only offer theories. Among them: 1) the North Vietnamese, their nerves frayed by the recent talk in Saigon and Washington of carrying the war "to the north," simply decided to end the suspense by testing U.S. resolve; 2) the Reds staged the incident so as to alarm neutrals and prompt them to beat the drums for an international conference on Southeast Asia, something that the U.S. wants to avoid until South Viet Nam is in better shape to parley; 3) the North Vietnamese, by deliberately provoking a stern U.S. response, hoped to draw Red China, and perhaps even Russia, deeper into the Southeast Asia mess; 4) they figured that by sinking an American destroyer in a successful strike they would embarrass the U.S. and give substance to Red China's taunts that the U.S. is a "paper tiger."

**To the Brink.** While the fourth theory seemed the most plausible, the fact was that even the U.S. had no clear idea of what the attacks might foreshadow. Moscow, of course, weighed in with a charge that the U.S. retaliation was an "open and hostile action," but its reaction was remarkably restrained. The Kremlin was clearly anxious to avoid getting involved too closely in Communist China's designs. Hanoi reacted to the U.S. action with contrived indignation. Peking waited nearly 24 hours, then declared that the U.S. "has gone over the brink of war" and warned that "the debt of blood incurred by the U.S.

to the Vietnamese people must be repaid." Despite this bombast, the Red Chinese made no specific commitment of support to their southern neighbors, and U.S. experts could find no scrutable clues as to whether they might launch a new Korea.

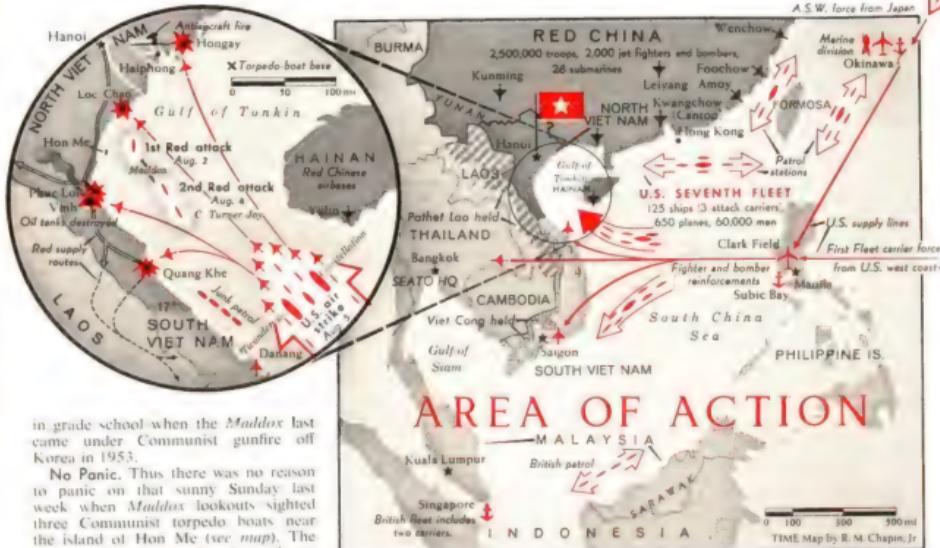
No military response such as the U.S. dealt out could be performed without allowing for the worst. Knowing that, the President ordered fresh American forces into the Pacific area, and the U.S. shield was poised. The U.S. action was precisely limited, but in a sense, this nation had once more gone to the brink. And for all the fears of those who caution against strong response, it was established once again that in the cold war, strength and resolution are indispensable weapons.

#### Action in Tonkin Gulf

[See Cover]

The Gulf of Tonkin is a forbidding body of water. Along its shores lie the brutal war in South Viet Nam, the belligerent Red regime of North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh, the ominous presence of Communist China.

Yet, to the young men of the 2,200-ton U.S. destroyer *Maddox*, patrol duty in Tonkin seemed as ho-hum and humdrum as duty on any of a hundred other routine tin-can patrols. In this case, the mission of the *Maddox* was mainly to show the U.S. flag and keep a casual lookout for Communist gun runners or seaborne Red guerrilla cadres. Occasionally the *Maddox* would slip up to within 13 miles of the Communist mainland, set her radar to sniffing the coast. But the real challenge to her sailors was to stay awake on lonely watches. Few of them even thought about combat: most, in fact, were still



in grade school when the *Maddox* last came under Communist gunfire off Korea in 1953.

**No Panic.** Thus there was no reason to panic on that sunny Sunday last week when *Maddox* lookouts sighted three Communist torpedo boats near the island of Hon Me (see map). The destroyer merely continued north on its patrol, and in due course made a leisurely turn and headed back south.

But at 12:30 p.m., as the *Maddox* cruised down the gulf 30 miles from any land, her radar men spotted three torpedo boats, ten miles to the north, speeding toward the *Maddox*. They were Russian P-4 types, 85 ft. long, armed with torpedo tubes and 25-mm. machine guns. The destroyer skipper, Commander Herbert L. Ogier, 41, sounded general quarters. Two hundred and fifty-five officers and crewmen raced to their battle stations. Ogier had his course southward. And he waited.

For hours the crew watched the small craft close in. The destroyer did not try to outrace her pursuers; with a top speed of 33 knots, she could not have done so anyway. It was now 2:40. The boats were approaching at about 45 knots. Ogier made his decision. If they kept boring in, he would open fire.

They kept closing. Ogier lobbed three warning shots across their bows. Still they came on.

Two of them moved into a range of 8,000 yds., off the *Maddox*'s starboard quarter and headed toward her stern. The *Maddox* has twin-mounted 5-in. 38s aft and two twin-mounts forward.

#### SOVIET-STYLE P-4 TORPEDO BOAT



Ogier could either swing the *Maddox* broadside and train one forward pair and the aft pair on the two boats or stay on course and keep the ship's tail toward them. This would permit him to fire at only one boat at a time, but it would provide a slimmer target for enemy torpedoes.

He chose to stay thin.

**White Waves.** The battle began at 3:08. The *Maddox* opened up with her aft five-inchers and her 3-in. and 40-mm. guns. The two trailing craft closed to 5,000 yds., launched one 18-in. torpedo apiece. Officers on the *Maddox* bridge had no trouble following the foot-wide white wakes of the torpedoes as they ran through the blue-green sea at a depth of 10 ft.

Ogier swung the ship to port. The torpedoes passed 100 yds. to starboard. For a farewell blast, the two boats sprayed away futilely with their 25-mm.

machine guns, turned tail and headed toward the north.

Now the third torpedo boat took up the attack. Skillfully, she pulled 5,000 yds. abeam of the destroyer so that evasion would be far more difficult. But this also brought the PT boat under the fire of two pairs of the *Maddox*'s biggest guns. The *Maddox* fired—a direct hit. The enemy craft stopped dead in the water, helpless and aflame. Later she could not be found and was assumed to have sunk.

In the nearby South China Sea, the U.S. Aircraft Carrier *Ticonderoga* maintained continuous communication with the *Maddox*. She reported that four supersonic F-8 Crusader jets, already airborne at the time of the attack, were on the way. Moments later the jets streaked in, unleashed eight Zuni rockets at the two fleeing boats, scored two hits despite the fact that the early model Zunis



U.S. DESTROYER "MADDUX"  
Three shots were fair warning.

are designed for strafing fixed targets) and strafed the boats with their 20-mm. cannon. The two craft slowed but continued north. The jet pilots, certain that the attack had been repulsed, turned back to the *Ticonderoga*. At 3:29 p.m., the 21-minute battle—the first direct clash between U.S. and Communist armed vehicles since Korea—was over.

**Swift Orders.** About 4,000 miles away, near Wake Island, a U.S. Navy C-118 staff plane droned toward Honolulu. Aboard was Admiral Ulysses S Grant Sharp Jr., commander in chief of the U.S. forces in the Pacific (CINCPAC). "Oley" Sharp was returning to his headquarters near Pearl Harbor after touring the U.S. military missions in South Viet Nam and Thailand—the everlasting hot spots of his vast command (*see box*). It was over the C-118 radiotelephone that the word of the fight in Tonkin Gulf was relayed to Sharp.

The admiral wasted no time; he sent orders to his CINCPAC headquarters: the *Maddox* will stay in the gulf—and a destroyer, the 2,850-ton *Turner Joy*, then cruising in the South China Sea, will join her at once.

"Here was a U.S. Navy ship attacked on the high seas," Olev Sharp explained later. "You can't accept any interference with our use of international waters. You must go back to the same place and say, 'Here's two of us this time, if you want to try anything.'" When he landed in Honolulu, newsmen were waiting for him. "Our ships are always going to go where they need to be," he said crisply. "If they shoot at us, we are going to shoot back."

**Low-Key.** In Washington it was after dawn on Sunday before the Pentagon had compiled a complete report on the distant sea action. Lyndon Johnson was informed as he dressed for church. To the White House he summoned his top advisers: Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Under Secretary George Ball. Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance and

The Gulf of Tonkin is eleven hours earlier than E.D.T.



PRESIDENT JOHNSON WITH NSC MEMBERS AT WHITE HOUSE?

*Neither hawks nor doves.*

General Earle Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, weekending in Newport, R.I., got a hurry-up call and rushed back to the capital. For 48 minutes the President and his aides discussed the attack, decided to play the whole affair as low-key as possible in the hope that it was all some sort of misunderstanding on the part of the Communist Viet Minh government at Hanoi. Accordingly, the Pentagon issued a dry statement: The *Maddox*, "while on routine patrol in international waters," had undergone an "unprovoked attack by three PT-type boats." The White House declined comment. A State Department staffer said that the best possible answer to the attack had been delivered by the *Maddox* and the U.S. jets. Arriving in New York later for a speech, Dean Rusk said only: "The oth-

er side got a sting out of this. If they do it again, they'll get another sting."

Even in private, Washington officials could not offer an intelligent reason that might explain why the puny Hanoi mosquito fleet challenged the 125-ship U.S. Seventh Fleet. Some speculated that Hanoi had somehow connected the *Maddox* with recent South Vietnamese raids on Hon Me and the neighboring island of Hon Ngu. Yet the *Maddox* was at least 30 miles from either island at the time of those attacks. And her presence in the gulf was hardly a new provocation, since U.S. destroyers had been patrolling the area frequently over the past two years and are well known to North Vietnamese seafarers.

From left: Under Secretary of State George Ball; Secretary of State Dean Rusk; the President; Defense Secretary Robert McNamara.



U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER "TICONDEROGA"

*Could the carriers do the job? asked the Secretary.*



U.S.S. "CONSTELLATION"

*"Hell, yes!" answered the Admiral.*

## THE IMPERTURBABLE ADMIRAL

WITH her engines grinding at a rowboat's pace and her crew peering anxiously at debris in the water, the U.S. destroyer *Boyd* slipped toward Japanese-held Nauru Island on the morning of Dec. 8, 1943. A U.S. fighter pilot had been shot down within point-blank range of the island shore batteries, and the *Boyd* was bent on rescuing him. Suddenly, two 6-in. shells crashed into the forward engine room, destroying half of the ship's power. Shellburst jets of water blossomed everywhere. The *Boyd*'s skipper, Lieut. Commander Ulysses Simpson Grant Sharp Jr., unable to find the pilot, heeled the crippled destroyer about and began a nightmare slow-motion escape through waters alive with explosions. "Knowing that the gunners would attempt to correct their fire after each miss," Sharp recalled later, "I decided to chase the fall of the shot." Whenever a shell blew up, he calmly veered toward the geyser. For six miles he ran that gauntlet, brought ship and crew to safety in the open sea, later got a Silver Star for his cool performance.

**Pinpoint Precision.** Coolness is still one of the man's most notable characteristics. Last week, as the Asian crisis bore down on him, Admiral Grant Sharp, now 58, well-decorated and as slender and hard as a torpedo (5 ft. 7 in., 147 lbs.), described his activities and explained imperturbably: "These things are all thought out ahead of time. It is the culmination of a lot of planning, and the actual execution is fairly simple." True enough. But had he executed his orders with anything less than pinpoint precision, Sharp could well have triggered a disaster in the Far East. As Commander in Chief, Pacific (CINCPAC), he bosses a costly (\$5,000,000 a day) domain that is spread over more than 40% of the earth's surface—85 million politically hot and militarily explosive square miles of land and sea. His command bristles with a complement of 440,000 men, 400 vessels, 3,500 planes, and countless tons of conventional and nuclear weapons.

Always more steady than spectacular in his 37-year navy career, Sharp's presence on the Pacific powder keg is a comforting thought to his Pentagon colleagues. Says one admiral: "Sharp is a solidly trained professional. He is exactly the kind of man this country needs in the Pacific right now."

"Oley" Sharp (the nickname came from his towheaded, Swede-like looks) was raised in Fort Benton, Mont., a tiny (pop. 1,887) landlocked town that has produced no

fewer than four admirals.\* His father was the nephew of President U. S. Grant, the Civil War giant, but Sharp was not the military type: he ran a general store. Young Oley, bored with the prospect of a merchant's life, wanted—and won—an appointment to the Naval Academy. He boxed, ran the 880 on an intramural track team, but produced a so-so scholastic record and in 1927 graduated 286th in a class of 579.

**"A Real Pro."** During the dead calm of the pre-World War II years he dutifully trod water in a routine variety of posts. He got married, fathered a daughter, Patricia, and a son, Grant, who is now a Navy lieutenant at the Navy Postgraduate School at Monterey, and polished his golf game to a ten-handicap shine. In mid-1942 he got a wartime command aboard a minesweeper, picked up a commendation for combat action off Casablanca, then served nearly two years on the *Boyd* in the Pacific. His older brother, Thomas, was also a Navymen in the war; he died in the Pacific when his submarine, *Pickerel*, was sunk.

During the Korean war, Sharp briefly commanded a destroyer squadron, then began a series of staff jobs. In 1960 he was appointed a vice admiral and served in the top-brass "E" Ring of the Pentagon as deputy chief of naval operations for plans and policy. There he earned a reputation as a sharp-tongued perfectionist. Recalls one officer: "There was no loose thinking, no folderol permitted. He is a forceful, concise, meticulous man."

Sharp put in driving, twelve-hour days, and mastered the Pentagon's most prized art—the ability to absorb enormous amounts of information, then ladle it out in concise, organized form during high-level briefings. Both Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman Maxwell Taylor and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara quickly became Sharp admirers, and last September he took over command of the Pacific Fleet. When the critical CINCPAC appointment came up earlier this year, Oley Sharp got it.

That came as no surprise to comrades who admire Sharp's hardheaded skill in a crisis. Says an officer long associated with the admiral: "If I had to choose a man to lead me in peace or in war—a real pro—I'd choose Oley Sharp. When the going is toughest, he's at his best."

\* Sharp, his cousin Rear Admiral Louis A. Sharp Jr., Rear Admiral George C. Turner and Admiral John Hoover. Except for Oley, all are retired.

But lest the North Vietnamese, and by indirection the Red Chinese, misread the U.S. stance, the President ordered the U.S. fleet to pursue and destroy any attacking vessel. "Pursuit," in this case, meant that an enemy could be chased to wherever it might flee, even into the sanctuary of its own territorial waters. To back up the public denunciation of North Viet Nam's attack, moreover, the State Department issued a fiery protest to the Hanoi government.

**Lusty Liberty.** By Monday, most Americans, leaders and populace alike, were ready to accept the notion that Sunday's attack—incredible as it was—would stand as an isolated incident. The *Maddox* and the *Jay* sailed serenely through the Gulf of Tonkin without challenge. Their crews stayed sharp-eyed, but once again began counting the days until their tedium would end, perhaps with lusty liberty in Tokyo, Hong Kong or Manila.

Tuesday dawned. The weather in the gulf turned bad. Thunder rumbled across the water. Sporadic storms churned waves, and the two U.S. destroyers pitched and rolled. Despite the rough going, *Maddox* radar late in the afternoon again detected the presence of distant company: several tiny blips moved across the scope in tracks paralleling those of the *Maddox* and *Jay*.

By nightfall the warships were steaming near the center of the 150-mile-wide gulf, some 65 miles from the nearest land. Yet the number of radar contacts was growing, and their tracks were converging on the destroyers. The *Maddox* flashed the alert to the *Ticonderoga*, which was prowling near the mouth of the gulf. Jet fighters snapped off the carrier's runway, soon formed a cover over the U.S. ships.

**Gunfire & Gun Smells.** Through the darkness, from the west and south, the intruders boldly sped. There were at least six of them, Russian-designed "Swatow" gunboats armed with 37-mm. and 28-mm. guns, and P-4s. At 9:52 they opened fire on the destroyers with automatic weapons, this time from as close as 2,000 yds.

The night glowed eerily with the nightmarish glare of air-dropped flares and boats' searchlights. For 3½ hours, the small boats attacked in pass after pass. Ten enemy torpedoes sizzled through the water. Each time the skipper, tracking the fish by radar, maneuvered to evade them. Gunfire and gun smells and shouts stung the air. Two of the enemy boats went down. Then, at 1:30 a.m., the remaining PTs ended the fight, roared off through the black night to the north.

Long before the attack was over, CINCPAC Admiral Sharp was routed out of bed (about 4 a.m., Hawaii time) by a duty officer. He hurried to the windowless war room on the third deck of his hilltop headquarters overlooking the white sands of the Oahu coast. He slipped into his green leather chair at

the center of a U-shaped table, opposite a wall on which illuminated status reports could be flashed, and picked up a dialless gold telephone at his left. On the Stateside end of the circuit was Robert McNamara. Sharp seldom left that room during the next 22 hours. He made about 100 calls to Washington, even more than that to his subordinates Pacific commanders of the Air Force, Army and Navy.

There was no doubt in Sharp's mind that the U.S. would now have to answer this attack with much more than a diplomatic protest note. He recommended that the U.S. hit the North Viet Nam torpedo-boat bases. Could the carriers do the job? asked McNamara. "Hell, yes!" replied Sharp. That was all McNamara needed to know. While McNamara dealt with the problem in Washington, Sharp waited for a decision. "I was watching Saigon time to see how light it was getting, and watching Washington time to see what they were doing. You spend an awful lot of time looking at clocks."

While Sharp watched the cloaks, President Johnson, McNamara, Rusk, CIA Chief John McCone and the President's adviser on national security, McGeorge Bundy, met for a luncheon conference in the White House second-floor dining room.

There were no "doves" or "hawks" at this meeting. The possibility of shelling the northern seaport of Haiphong was discussed briefly, but it was discarded since it would involve civilian casualties and would require moving warships into territorial waters. McNamara suggested instead an air strike against five specific targets—four torpedo-boat bases and an oil storage facility. Rusk thought it might be wiser to hit two of the southernmost bases first and save the others for a possible second-stage attack. McCone argued for clobbering all five places, in view of the gravity of the North Vietnamese "act of war" against the destroyers. That was it. "All right," said the President, "let's go."

"We're Going." McNamara hurried back to his office and set the plans in motion. The Pentagon phoned Sharp. In turn, Sharp called the Navy's Pacific Fleet commander, Admiral Thomas H. Moorer, stationed at nearby Makalapa Naval Base, told him: "We're going to do it." Orders crackled through the Pacific as units of the Seventh Fleet were alerted. The carrier *Constellation* moved out of Hong Kong—about 500 miles from the Tonkin bases—with instructions to join the *Ticonderoga* as quickly as possible.

As the massive military machinery gathered its strength, Lyndon Johnson and McNamara briefed the National Security Council and summoned congressional leaders to the White House. McNamara, Rusk, McCone and Wheeler explained the events and the plans. The President was grim, decisive. He made it clear he was informing his old Capitol

Hill colleagues, not asking their advice. "These are our plans," he snapped.

Johnson also asked the legislators to move swiftly for a resolution expressing congressional approval and support of "the determination of the President, as Commander in Chief, to take all necessary measures to repel any armed attack against the forces of the U.S. and to prevent further aggression." Solmly, Johnson looked to each man around the table for his agreement. No one dissented, Republican Senator Everett Dirksen, the key figure, waved his O.K.

When he was sure that the air strike at North Viet Nam was under way, Lyndon went on nationwide TV networks at 11:37 p.m. to deliver his somber message. "My fellow Americans: As President and Commander in

undoubtedly had already noted their approach.

The pilots flew through a heavy overcast that forced them to approach at low altitudes—and uncomfortably close to the modern, radar-controlled anti-aircraft installations ringing the North Viet Nam bases. Despite the poor visibility and the stiff ground fire, the airmen, nearly all of them combat-green, performed remarkably well.

The flak was thickest over the northernmost target at Hongay, where 37-mm. and 57-mm. ground batteries atop a hill protected the harbor. From the *Constellation*, ten A-4 Skyhawk jets, two supersonic twin-engined F-4 Phantoms, and four slower propeller-driven A-1 Skyraiders blasted Communist patrol craft at the docks with bombs, rockets and 20-mm. cannon. Farther



ADMIRAL SHARP (CHIN IN HAND) IN CINCPAC WAR ROOM  
Across the Pacific, the shield went up.

Chief, it is my duty to report that renewed hostile actions against United States ships on the high seas in the Gulf of Tonkin have today required me to order the military forces of the United States to take action in reply . . . That reply is being given as I speak to you tonight. Air action is now in execution against gunboats and certain supporting facilities in North Viet Nam which have been used in these hostile operations."

While voicing U.S. indignation at what he called "this outrage" by the Communists, Johnson carefully avoided any sound of saber rattling. "Our response for the present," he said, "will be limited and fitting. We Americans know, although others appear to forget, the risks of spreading conflict. We still seek no wider war."

**Combat-Green.** At that moment, planes from the *Ticonderoga* and the *Constellation*, now nearing the gulf, were indeed speeding toward their coastal targets. Although it would still be another 1½ hours before they would unleash their first rockets, Hanoi radar

to the south, five Skyhawks, three Phantoms and four Skyraiders from the *Constellation* hit Loc Chau.

The *Ticonderoga* sent six Crusader jets against the southernmost target at Quang Khe. Biggest concentration of airpower—and the most spectacular damage—was focused at Phuc Loi and its nearby oil-storage facilities at Vinh. In all, 32 aircraft from the *Ticonderoga* ripped into patrol boats there and set a dozen of the depot's 14 storage tanks ablaze. A happy squadron leader radioed that the tanks were "burning profusely" and that black smoke rose 14,000 ft. Up with the smoke went some 90% of the depot's oil, which constitutes 10% of North Viet Nam's stored reserves. And down to the bottom went 25 North Vietnamese patrol craft—more than half of its entire fleet.

**Red Reaction.** McNamara called the raids "very successful." Ole Sharp, who followed the action on charts in his war room, termed it "well executed." He was proud of the carriers' ability to get into position, their pilots briefed, planes armed and into the air as quickly

as they had. "They had to make their preparations at night and in the early morning hours," he said. "It shows their high state of readiness."

The U.S., however, did not come off unscathed. In 64 sorties, two planes were shot down. One of the 365-m.p.h. Skyraiders, piloted by Lieut. (j.g.) Richard Sather, 26, of Pomona, Calif., was hit at Loc Chao and crashed into the sea with no evidence of the flyer's survival. A 680-m.p.h. Skyhawk caught flak at Hongay. Its pilot, Lieut. (j.g.) Everett Alvarez Jr., 26, of San Jose, Calif., radioed that he was bailing out, and other pilots heard the telltale 60-second radio "heeper" signifying an opened parachute. They saw the plane splash three miles at sea. Hanoi later announced it had captured Alvarez. Two other planes were crippled; one reached its carrier; the other made a safe landing in South Viet Nam.

U.S. strategists had little time to congratulate themselves on the success of their "limited and fitting" answer to Red aggression. The big question was how North Viet Nam—and far more significantly, the Red Chinese—would react to the air strikes. And well before the first plane took off, the U.S. began a well-calculated redeployment of its forces to prepare for any Red move.

Immediately, Sharp began shuffling forces in his own command. An anti-submarine task force, led by the carrier *Kearsarge* (famed for its recovery of orbiting U.S. astronauts), swept into the South China Sea to watch for Red China's roving fleet of submarines. A squadron of Air Force F-102 supersonic interceptors bolted from Clark Field in the Philippines to bases in South Viet Nam to counter any attempt by the Chinese to bolster the Viet Minh with jets. Amphibious landing craft silently embarked for undisclosed destinations.

The Pentagon meanwhile worked out broader plans. The Joint Chiefs transferred an attack carrier group with the flagship *Ranger* from the First Fleet along the west coast of the U.S. into Sharp's Pacific area. Thailand agreed to accept two squadrons of U.S. Air Force fighter-bombers. More than 50 F-102s and B-57 Canberra jet bombers took up residence at airfields at Damang, Saigon and Bienhoa in South Viet Nam. Near Bienhoa, a B-57 crashed into the jungle with Capt. Fred C. Cutrer Jr. and Lieut. Leonard L. Kaster aboard. Hampered by Communist guerrillas, rescuers were unable to find the flyers. Flights of F-100 Super Sabre fighters, RF-101 Voodoo reconnaissance planes and F-105 Thunderchief fighter-bombers swept out of the U.S. and streaked toward Pacific bases.

The rapid movement of naval and air units demonstrated the value of a flexible response capability in the U.S. military forces. So, of course, did the dramatic use of carrier airpower along the Gulf of Tonkin. That flexibility and the U.S. advantage in military technology are what made last week's firm



LIEUT. KASTER



CAPTAIN CUTRER

"Well executed," but at a price.



LIEUT. SATHER



LIEUT. ALVAREZ

Where the flak was heaviest.

U.S. military stance throughout Southeast Asia credible.

**Strong on Land.** The adversary boasts power too. Red China has 2,500,000 troops to throw into land action. Most of that manpower is still positioned opposite Taiwan. Three armies (about 120,000 men) are near North Viet Nam, another on the island of Hainan in the Gulf of Tonkin. U.S. intelligence says that there has been no recent buildup in these southeast concentrations. The Red Chinese air force, with some 2,000 jet fighters and bombers, is one of the world's largest, but is hampered by shortages of parts and fuel. And her navy is weak: she has 28 subs and about 170 torpedo boats; her largest ships are four destroyers.

While North Viet Nam lost half of her navy last week and has at best about 50 aircraft (presumably none of them jets), her well-trained and high-spirited army numbers about 300,000, backed by a 150,000-man militia. These troops could be checked in a major drive into South Viet Nam only by a direct, all-out U.S. effort. (Last week a North Viet Nam infantry regiment stared across the Ben Hai River at a reinforced Saigon division in South Viet Nam. Neither showed signs of moving.) Hanoi's greatest weakness in such a drive would be her vulnerable supply routes.

**Unmasked Aggression.** As the U.S. raised its shield, it took pains to assure the world that its actions and responses had all been necessary. McNamara told a press conference that all of the military movements were "appropriate to the provocation." He summed up the air strike simply: "Our objective was

to deter the PT-boat fleet from further attacks on our vessels. I believe we have accomplished that." President Johnson pointed out that "the Gulf of Tonkin may be distant, but none can be detached about what has happened there. Aggression—deliberate, willful and systematic aggression—has unmasked its face to the entire world. The world remembers, the world must never forget, that aggression unchallenged is aggression unleashed."

Johnson also issued a pointed warning against further Red interference in Southeast Asia. "To any who may be tempted to support or to widen the present aggression, I say this: There is no threat to any peaceful power from the United States of America. But there can be no peace by aggression and no immunity from reply. That is what is meant by the actions that we took." To help spread that word abroad, Johnson asked Henry Cabot Lodge, former Ambassador to Saigon, to present the U.S. case in allied capitals.

At a hastily called United Nations Security Council meeting, U.N. Ambassador Adlai Stevenson described the U.S. action as a "limited and measured response fitted precisely to the attack that produced it, and the deployment of additional U.S. forces to Southeast Asia is designed to make unmistakably clear that the U.S. cannot be diverted by military attack from its obligations to help its friends establish and protect their independence." Stevenson readily accepted the Soviet Union's rather dispirited demand that the Hanoi government be invited to tell its story to the U.N. Council, on condition that South Viet Nam also would be heard.

**Two Dissenters.** More than anything, the precise, coifed statements that issued last week from U.S. leaders were aimed at assuring an edgy world of America's good faith, and America's determination to use its power only in the defense of itself and its allies. Members of the Congress—debating the resolution approving the President's actions and allowing him the discretion to strike back again if the U.S. is attacked—were concerned about making that same point. The resolution cleared the House with a resounding 416-0 vote after only 40 minutes of debate, but the Senate talked for a full nine hours before approving, 88-2. The only two dissenters were Alaska's Democratic Senator Ernest Gruening and Oregon's irascible Democrat Wayne Morse, both of whom argued that the resolution was unconstitutional because it amounted to a "predatory declaration of war power" normally reserved to Congress.

On the other hand, it could be argued that technically Johnson already had all the authority he needed without the resolution—as he had demonstrated so dramatically in the Gulf of Tonkin. The congressional support mainly punctuated the fact that the U.S. was united behind the President. At week's end U.S. forces around the world stood alert. And behind them stood their nation.

## CIVIL RIGHTS

### Grim Discovery in Mississippi

In 101° heat, FBI agents swarmed over an earthen dam on Olen Burrage's Old Jolly Farm, six miles southwest of Philadelphia, Miss. Through the scrub pines and bitterweed, they bulldozed a path to the dam, then brought up a lumbering dragnet whose huge bucket shovel began chewing a V-shaped wedge out of the 25-ft.-high levee. Twenty feet down, the shovel uncovered the fully clothed, badly decomposed bodies of three young men, lying side by side in a pocket of red clay. They had been dumped there while the dam was still being built, and in the weeks afterward a local contractor had unknowingly piled earth higher and higher on their primitive graves.

The agents packed the bodies in ice, sealed them in black plastic bags marked X-1, X-2 and X-3, and rushed them to the University of Mississippi Medical Center in Jackson, 80 miles away. There a team of pathologists, using dental and fingerprint charts, proved beyond a shadow of a doubt what everybody had already suspected. These were the bodies of missing Civil Rights Workers Michael Schwerner, 24, Andrew Goodman, 20, both white, and James Chaney, 21, a Negro.

"They're Just Hiding." Thus ended a six-week search that began after the three men disappeared on June 21, just one day after they had arrived in Mississippi. They had attended a week-long indoctrination course, sponsored by a civil rights coalition called the Council of Federated Organizations (COFO) at Western College for Women in Oxford, Ohio. Schwerner, son of a Pelham, N.Y., wigmaker and a graduate of Cornell, had been working for the Congress of Racial Equality in Meridian, Miss., since January, had volunteered to go up to Oxford to instruct Northern students in voter-registration techniques. Chaney, a slender young man from Meridian, had accompanied him. Goodman was the son of a New York City building contractor and a student at Queens College. All were working with the 400 volunteers sent into Mississippi by COFO to help register Negroes.

The three had had time for just one night's sleep in Meridian when they decided to drive over to Longdale to inspect the ruins of a Negro church that had been burned down by segregationists. Returning to Meridian, they were picked up outside Philadelphia by Neshoba County Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price for speeding. Price said later he had held them until 10:30 that steamy, moonlit night, then turned them loose.

The three young men never made it back to Meridian. Two days later, the burned wreck of their blue Ford station wagon was found twelve miles northeast of Philadelphia. While an army of FBI men and 400 sailors took up a painstaking ten-county search, many Mississippians preferred to believe

that their disappearance was all a hoax. "They could be in Cuba," said Governor Paul Johnson airily. "They're just hiding and trying to cause a lot of bad publicity," pshawed Neshoba Sheriff L.A. Rainey.

**Brutally Beaten.** Though the FBI declined to admit it, the break apparently came after agents offered to pay \$25,000 for inside information. And "somebody," as one bitter Philadelphian put it, "finally went and opened up." The informant, whoever it was, knew what he was talking about. The federal men had to dig only one hole to find the bodies. Schwerner and Goodman had each been shot through the heart with a single .38-caliber bullet. Chaney had three slugs in his body and, according to an unofficial autopsy, had been brutally beaten. "In my 25 years as a pathologist," said Dr. David Spain of New York after examining Chaney's body at his mother's request, "I have never witnessed bones so severely shattered."

Some Mississippians were shocked that the cold-blooded triple murder had not turned out to be a hoax after all. "I just didn't think we had people like that around," said a Jackson high school couch. Others seemed equally shocked that someone had violated the "code" by squealing to the FBI.

The federal agents pushed on in a grim effort to track down the killers, and President Johnson at week's end told a press conference that "substantive results can be expected in a very short time." Near the grave, FBI men sifted every inch of dirt, hunting for such evidence as cigarette butts and shirt buttons, and sent several 20-gallon cans containing scraps and other possible evidence to the Bureau's Washington laboratory for analysis.

### Rampage in New Jersey

Political Boss Frank ("I am the law") Hague put Jersey City on the map by making it the most corrupt municipality in the U.S. When Hague's 30-year stranglehold was finally broken in 1949, Jersey City seemed destined for lingering obscurity. But last week that drab, gritty city (pop. 275,000) was back on the map again. For three nights, hundreds of Negroes rioted, looted and tossed fire bombs in a racial rampage that was grimly reminiscent of last month's Harlem and Rochester violence.

It began when police were called to Ward F, a slum-ridden and low-income-housing area that is home to most of Jersey City's 47,000 Negroes. They arrested a Negro boy for drunkenness, also took into custody a Negro man for interfering with the arrest. Almost instantly there mushroomed a rumor that the police had beaten the woman. Within half an hour, 20 Negroes were demonstrating at the Fourth Precinct station house; before long, 800 angry Negroes were milling around a Ward-F housing project looking for trouble. It wasn't long in coming.

Negro youths began pelting cops with rocks, bottles and garbage-can lids. One of them broke a liquor-store window, grabbed two bottles and fled. When a policeman fired two warning shots, the mob, which had begun to disperse, went wild. A crowd swarmed into Grand Street, surrounded a car driven by a 22-year-old white man, John Hudak. They smashed the ear windows, dragged Hudak from the vehicle, and beat him with a baseball bat before police could rescue him.

The marauding eased off, only to resume the next night, and the next, as

JACK THORNELL—SEASIDE DAILY NEWS



BODY OF SLAIN CIVIL RIGHTS WORKER ARRIVES IN JACKSON  
Under 20 feet of clay, X-1, X-2 and X-3.

helmeted police tried to bring order. Negroes hurled Molotov cocktails at police and fire trucks. A Negro youth was shot in the shoulder; a policeman's ankle was broken. One gang stabbed a baker in the back four times, then set fire to his delivery truck; another pulled a bus driver out of his bus and beat him mercilessly. The three-night toll: a \$100,000 loss in property damage; two Negroes shot; 46 people injured, 22 of them police; 65 people arrested, mostly Negroes. Said Jersey City's Mayor Thomas J. Whelan, a man who hitherto had been highly regarded by civil rights leaders but who now suddenly became a target of criticism: "I came from a marginal family. I was one of 13 children. I know what it's like to try to do homework with seven kids around the table in a cold kitchen. I know what it's like to compete against people with better education. But being poor is no excuse for taking the law into your own hands. I will not condone violence by anyone for any reason. This is a simple case of hoodlumism versus public order. Anyone touching a policeman better be ready for the consequences."

### Senselessness in Georgia

During the two weeks that he was at Fort Benning, Ga., on Army reserve duty as a lieutenant colonel last month, Lemuel Penn, 49, Negro director of vocational high schools for the District of Columbia school system, never set foot off the base. Reason: he did not want to be responsible—even inadvertently—for causing a racial incident. On the night of July 10, his training completed, Penn set out for home with two other Washington Negroes. They planned to drive straight on through, stopping only for food and fuel.

They rolled through Atlanta, on through Athens, and into the lonely hills of northeast Georgia. They were about 23 miles outside Athens when a car pulled alongside. A white man poked a sawed-off shotgun toward the Negroes' car, leveled the end of its barrel only three feet from Driver Penn's head. He pulled the trigger. Penn died instantly.

To FBI agents who moved swiftly into the case, the utter senselessness of such a murder was in itself an important clue. They did not have to dig far to discover that Athens is a center of activities for one of the most senseless organizations imaginable: the Ku Klux Klan. Sure enough, a little more detective work led them to one James Lackey, 28, an Athens gas station attendant. According to U.S. authorities, Lackey confessed that he was in on the ambush and implicated three fellow Klansmen—Graigie Owner, Herbert Guest, 37, a short, fat gun fancier; textile Yarn Plucker Cecil Myers, 25, who strutted around Athens touting a pistol; Machinist Joseph Sims, 41, a quick-tempered segregationist who was arrested in March for flourishing a pistol

during a Negro demonstration. All are members of Clarke County Klavern No. 244.

The FBI arrested the quartet on the only federal charge applicable in the case—violation of the Civil Rights Act. The maximum penalty for that is ten years in prison and a \$5,000 fine. But the state of Georgia also issued warrants charging murder. Maximum penalties for that: death in Georgia's integrated electric chair.

### DEMOCRATS

#### The Problems of Being Bobby

Riding home through rain-soaked Washington in his Justice Department limousine one evening last week, Attorney General Robert Kennedy turned to a companion, said matter-of-factly: "I don't think there is much future for me in this city now."

Bobby's future had come to be the second most talked-about subject in the Democratic Party. When Lyndon Johnson had called him to the White House five days before and told him that he was not the answer to the party's No. 1 question—"Who will run for Vice President?"—Johnson had mentioned several

who were aware that Lyndon had barred all Cabinet-level officials from the vice-presidential nomination. "You are not members of the Cabinet, and you don't meet regularly with the Cabinet, and therefore you are eligible for Vice President," After he got the word from the President, added Bobby, "I decided to send a little note to Cabinet members in general, saying, 'I'm sorry I took so many nice fellows over the side with me.'"

It could be that Bobby was picking up a few pointers for himself at the candidates' school. There was a whole new wave of speculation that he would run for the U.S. Senate in New York for the seat now held by Republican Kenneth Keating. Earlier, he had said he would not run for that office, amid talk that too many New Yorkers would consider him a carpetbagger from Massachusetts. Now he seemed to be reconsidering. At week's end, without any fanfare, he met privately for an hour in Manhattan with New York City's Mayor Robert Wagner, who is not particularly anxious to see Bobby make the race. After the meeting, Kennedy left as silently as he had arrived, and went away for a few more days of thought.

### THE CONGRESS

#### All Lyndon's

Unlike the Kennedy-sponsored tax cut or civil rights legislation, the \$947.5 million anti-poverty bill was Lyndon Johnson's own baby. Riding with its fortunes on Capitol Hill was a large measure of presidential prestige. Indeed, when Johnson sent his poverty program to Congress last spring, he expressed his "total commitment" to it. That being the case, there was practically nothing the Administration wouldn't—or, as it turned out, didn't—do to get the measure approved.

In the Senate, the bill passed by a margin of nearly 2 to 1, but only after Administration forces stood still for a \$15 million cut and a Southern-sponsored amendment that gave state governors veto powers over several of the bill's programs within their states.

When the measure finally reached the House floor last week, the going was even rougher. For three days a bitter battle raged. Trying to placate enough of their Southern colleagues to produce a majority on the final roll call, Democratic leaders found themselves giving ground both to segregationists and states'-righters. Thus an amendment, by Mississippi's Democratic Congressman John Bell Williams, requiring loyalty oaths of all youths enrolling in the bill's job corps, passed 144 to 112. And the House upheld the Senate's gubernatorial veto provision.

But perhaps the strongest sign of the Administration's determination to have a program at any price was its willingness to settle Adam Yarmolinsky, who has been on loan to the Poverty Corp from his Pentagon job as special as-



ATTORNEY GENERAL KENNEDY  
A little note to the Cabinet.

possible assurers: a Cabinet post or a foreign service assignment, for example. Bobby replied that he did not want any of them. The President said: "I think I know what you want. You want to lead the country some day." Whereupon Lyndon gave the Attorney General a fatherly little talk about the merits of running for elective office, promised to give him all the help he could if Bobby decided to enter a race. That was all very well, but the trouble was that Kennedy did not want to talk of the presidency when he had just been dealt out of the vice-presidential game.

Bobby now shows signs of taking it all philosophically. "I must confess I stand in awe of you," he told a meeting of Democratic congressional candidates,

sistant to Defense Secretary McNamara, Yarmolinsky is disliked by many Southern Congressmen because 1) he is a liberal, and 2) he helped set up a Kennedy-ordered commission to investigate racial discrimination in the armed forces, later took part in implementing its anti-discrimination proposals. Those same Southerners did not want Yarmolinsky messing around with the Poverty Corps. The *coup de grâce* was delivered, fittingly, by Georgia's Democratic Representative Phil Landrum, a recent convert to Johnsonism, and the bill's floor manager. Landrum told the House: "Mr. Yarmolinsky will have absolutely nothing to do with the program," added: "I have been told on the highest authority that not only will he not be appointed, but that he will not be considered if he is recommended for a place in this agency."

Around Washington, "highest authority" could mean only one thing: the White House itself. Thus placated, nearly 60 Southern Democrats joined forces with non-Dixie Democrats and 22 Republicans, and the bill passed by a vote of 226 to 184.

## ARIZONA

### The Goldwater Gold

In the affluent 60s, it almost seems appropriate that presidential candidates are themselves fairly well-heeled. Jack Kennedy, of course, was a millionaire several times over. So is Lyndon Johnson. It has been assumed for some time that Barry Goldwater, too, is a man of wealth, but the Goldwater family has never made public any information about it one way or the other. Last week *TIME* correspondents put together a balance sheet on Barry's finances. The answer is—yes, Goldwater is a millionaire, and then some.

**Growing Nest Egg.** The Goldwater gold was mined mainly from two mother lodes: the Goldwater-family retail stores; and Chicago's Borg-Warner Corp., where Peggy Goldwater's father, R. P. Johnson, was a vice president and director until his death in 1932.

In 1962, the Goldwater family sold its retail business to New York's Associated Dry Goods Corp. for \$2,200,000 worth of stock. Barry's share was about 20%. His common-stock holdings now include 7,555 shares in Associated Dry Goods (worth \$445,700), 973 shares in Arizona Bancorporation (\$20,400), and 90 in Borg-Warner Corp. (\$4,320). He has life insurance with a cash value of \$20,000. And he also has \$37,000 cash on hand, a sizable chunk of which is earmarked to pay for the proud wedding he put on for his daughter Peggy last June. Thus Barry's personal worth is roughly half a million dollars.

When Peggy Goldwater's father died, he left her a one-third share of an estate valued at \$980,000. Today Peggy's nest egg has grown to include 1,690



**THE GOLDWATER HOME IN PARADISE VALLEY**  
*A fortune mined from two mother lodes.*

shares of common stock in American Electric Power Co. (\$77,740), 349 shares in Arizona Bancorporation (\$7,330), 5,278 in Associated Dry Goods (\$311,400), 2,491 in Borg-Warner (\$119,568), 200 in Continental Casualty Co. (\$15,600), 348 in General Electric Co. (\$29,232), 798 in General Motors Corp. (\$75,000), 417 in Hooper Chemical Corp. (\$18,765), 87 in International Business Machines (\$40,225), 550 in Maryland Casualty Co. (\$33,550), 350 in Honeywell Inc. (\$44,450), 700 in Standard Oil of New Jersey (\$61,600), 400 in Texas Utilities Co. (\$25,600), 186 in Universal Match Corp. (\$2,418), and 1,576 in Valley National Bank of Arizona (\$113,478). She also holds \$71,000 worth of municipal bonds, and is nominal owner of the Goldwaters' \$200,000 home in Paradise Valley near Phoenix (on which a \$33,400 mortgage balance still remains). Peggy's total worth: \$1,047,000.

It might have been more. The trustee at Valley National Bank, where Peggy's inheritance has been handled for about 30 years, invested her funds mainly in bonds, so the soaring stock market did not affect her account. By comparison, the estate of Peggy's mother, who received an equal share of the Johnson fortune in 1932 (and who died last November), has been estimated in probate at \$2,700,000.

**Easy Touch.** All told then, the Goldwaters are worth about \$1,700,000. Last year family income—\$37,600 from coupon clipping, \$22,500 Senate salary, \$5,000 from Barry's honorary post as chairman of the Goldwater division of Associated Dry Goods—totaled a tidy \$65,000. The Goldwaters live well, so that total does not leave a

surplus. Barry, for example, owns and pilots a \$50,000 Beechcraft Twin-Bonanza. Each of the four Goldwater children gets a \$3,000 gift check from Dad each year. This year he shelled out some money of his own for campaign expenses. And while he takes a very hard attitude on federal welfare handouts, Barry himself is "an easy touch," says a bank officer. His contributions to such philanthropies as Trinity Cathedral in Phoenix, Washington's Mount Vernon Seminary girls' school and the United Fund last year ran to nearly \$25,000—most of it in stock. As a result, the Goldwaters find themselves digging into their capital.

There are, however, some reserve assets in the Goldwater financial picture. Peggy's mother left a \$2,500,000 trust fund for her seven grandchildren; Barry's four offspring will share in that. And Barry's own mother, now 89, is herself worth at least \$2,000,000.

## POLLS

### How They Say It's Going

What with the performances turned in by political polls this year, there is widespread skepticism about their findings. But they're interesting. This week the Gallup poll reported that President Johnson is the choice of 59% of the "likely voters" across the country, with 31% backing Barry Goldwater and 10% undecided. In the East, Johnson led with 70% to Goldwater's 19%, in the Midwest with 59% to Goldwater's 30%. In the Far West, on the conservative doorstep of Barry's own home country, Gallup found Lyndon out in front 62% to 33%. Only in the South did Gallup give Goldwater the edge, by a margin of 51% to 40%.

# THE WORLD

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### The Shaken City

At first glance, Saigon seemed hardly disturbed by the violent events taking place in the Gulf of Tonkin last week (see *THE NATION*). Secure in the knowledge that thousands of troops were deployed in the outskirts to protect the city from the Viet Cong, students and politicians lounged idly at sidewalk cafés, carping endlessly about the government's handling of the war. Shops bustled with busy shoppers; thousands of insect-like Renault taxis still clogged the streets. And as always, at

plaint, it was that Washington did not go far enough. Most pleased of all was Premier General Nguyen Khanh, who has in recent weeks called for tougher moves against Red North Viet Nam. Khanh had another reason to be happy: the crisis was also a political godsend for him.

**"State of Urgency."** Ever since Khanh himself seized power in a coup last January, rumors of another coup have swirled about him. He has tried in vain to get the country's minuscule, myriad "political parties" (more than 60 at last count) to come up with a program, and to pacify discontented

death. That night, an 11 o'clock curfew was clamped on Saigon, and censors moved in on the capital's 40-odd newspapers and political scandal sheets.

In a proclamation, Khanh once again called for liberation of the North Vietnamese from Communism, declaring: "We are ready to extend our assistance." With that, he was off on an inspection tour of the northern front, where from a border observation post he gazed across the Ben Hai River at North Vietnamese installations.

## CYPRUS

### An End or a Beginning

"Now it's hopeless," said a veteran U.S. diplomat in Cyprus recently. "Three times we held back the Turks, but I don't know if we can keep Turkey from coming in any longer." The words were prophetic, for last week the long-awaited Turkish intervention had begun. It was not the full-scale naval landing that some had feared; this still could come, but for now Turkey was sending its jet fighters across the narrow straits to blast limited Greek Cypriot targets.

The first attackers, using bombs, rockets and machine guns, killed 33 and injured 230, according to the government. Next day, Turkey sent 64 planes to hit the Cyprus coast.

**Falling Villages.** Cyprus had been at flash point for weeks, as Greeks and Turks pumped in men and arms to bolster both factions on the island. Archbishop Makarios' Greek Cypriot regime, emboldened by its new strength, had cut off the water supply to the Turkish quarter in Nicosia, went so far as to break the telephone connection between Nicosia and Ankara. Then one day, at the very center of Nicosia, on the Green Line along Paphos Street, the Turkish Cypriots decided to move their sandbagged post a few yards toward the Greek Cypriot positions. The Greeks retaliated by setting up a new outpost of their own. Suddenly both sides began shooting; when it ended, one Greek Cypriot was dead and two were wounded.

In no mood to swallow a defeat at the hands of the Turks, Greek Cypriot forces many miles away on the northwest coast were already poised to attack the little ten-mile-long Turkish strip of coastal villages around Mansoura (TIME, July 24). The news from Nicosia may have had nothing to do with it, but within hours the Greek Cypriots were hammering away with bazookas, mortars and machine guns. One after another, Mansoura, Alevya and Ayios Theodoros fell to Makarios' men. Desperately, the Turkish Cypriots fell back to nearby Kokkina.

The United Nations commander, India's General Kodendera Thimayya,



GENERAL KHANH ADDRESSING TROOPS  
In Saigon, a new concern.

midafternoon practically everyone went home for the traditional siesta.

**"Bad Times."** But beneath the surface there was, for the first time, an underrcurrent of real fear from the realization that the city could be a target of any Communist retaliation. Housewives began buying extra supplies of rice, charcoal, dried fish and canned goods. Among the 9,500-odd Americans in the capital, including nearly 1,900 women and children, mild security precautions were quietly taken. U.S. citizens were advised to alter their "normal patterns of movement," avoid public places of amusement, and make "frequent inspections of vehicles for bombs."

Lacking the normal supply of G.I.s, Saigon's garish night life virtually flickered out. At one B-girl *boîte*, a lone visitor nursed his beer while a Vietnamese mademoiselle opened his pack of cigarettes, another refilled his glass, and a third sighed, "These are bad times."

Though it introduced new concern into the unreality of Saigon, the U.S. action was generally applauded by the South Vietnamese. If they had any com-

generals and colonels. His nominal chief of state, General Duong Van ("Big") Minh, has been unhappy and uncooperative. Latest dissident is one of Khanh's three Vice Premiers, Nguyen Ton Hoan, leader of the nationalist Dai Viet party, who recently complained of "too much interference" from Khanh and those around him. As last week began, the coup rumors grew to a new crescendo. But with the U.S. blow at North Viet Nam the reports faded, and Khanh appeared at least momentarily bolstered.

Mindful of his critics and fearful of a Communist attack, Khanh seized the opportunity to consolidate his power by decreeing a "state of urgency" empowering the government to ban strikes and demonstrations, impose censorship and travel curbs, search private homes at will, and jail "elements considered dangerous to national security." Violators of public order were to be handed over to military courts; terrorists, saboteurs and "speculators harmful to the national economy" who were caught redhanded were to be sentenced to

complained to Cypriot President Archbishop Makarios that his U.N. peace-keeping force was hamstrung by Greek Cypriot restrictions. Typically, Makarios was polite and evasive. The U.N. contingents had no intention of standing in the middle of a shooting war; indeed, their governments had threatened to fly the men home.

**Beached Boat.** In Ankara, Premier Ismet Inonu warned that Turkish patience was at an end. Out of the blue Mediterranean sky dropped flights of U.S.-built jet fighters. At first, the planes swooped low on "reconnaissance" sorties that were clearly intended as a threat to the Greek Cypriots. When the Greeks did not withdraw, the Turkish pilots poured rocket fire into the Greek positions around Kokkina. Three more jets blasted the Kyrenian mountain range as Greek Cypriot anti-aircraft batteries filled the air with flak bursts. At the coastal town of Xeros, Turkish jets riddled a Greek Cypriot patrol boat, and the crew ran it ashore. Swedish U.N. troops tried to arrange a truce at Kokkina to remove women and children. When the combatants refused, the Swedes entered the village in armored cars and evacuated the refugees. Troops at a U.N. outpost, caught between two fires, had to be rescued by helicopter.

After a three-hour Cabinet meeting, the Turkish government issued a five-point communiqué: 1) Greek Cypriot military activities will be subject to reconnaissance flights by the Turkish air force, 2) the Turkish armed forces are being held in a state of alert, 3) on the Aegean seaboard and on the Turkish-Greek frontier in Thrace, the Turks are prepared to meet all attacks, 4) Turkey is providing its NATO allies with all necessary information about its military activities, and 5) measures are



GREEK PATROL BOAT UNDER ATTACK

In Ankara, anger.

being taken to put the entire country, including the civilian population, in a state of readiness.

**Military Muscle.** The Turks were fighting mad, and troops and ships were ready at the seaport of Iskenderun to spearhead an invasion of Cyprus. But the Greek Cypriots, stiffened by thousands of reinforcements from the mainland, were cockily convinced of victory.

Even as their planes were swooping over the northern coast, Turkish delegates at the United Nations were arguing for a Security Council condemnation of the Greek actions in Cyprus. No less loudly, the Greek Cypriots demanded an end to the Turkish attacks, and at an emergency Security Council meeting, the U.S. and Britain proposed a resolution seeking an immediate cease-fire.

There could be no doubt that the man largely responsible for the deterioration was Archbishop Makarios, who had rejected reasonable U.S. proposals for settlement and boasted that "we will accept no compromise solution, no swapping of islands, no federation in Cyprus, no Turkish Cypriot 'enclaves'." In short, he demanded that the Turkish Cypriots lay down their arms and accede to majority rule by the Greek Cypriots. One Cypriot newspaper voiced the Greek mood by stating, "There must be an end to the drama." The only question, at week's end, was how bloody the end was to be.

## THE CONGO

"That Man, *C'est Moi*"

The surreal quality of the Congo's creeping rebellion often obscures the fact that slowly but surely the country is slipping out of the government's grasp. In the seven months since the current wave of revolt began in Kivu province, various rebel bands—some Communist-backed, others leaderless

but just as vicious—have captured fully a third of the nation. Last week the tide lapped at, and then inundated, the biggest rebel prize yet. Strategic Stanleyville, the Congo's third largest city and the old stronghold of its first Premier, Leftist Patrice Lumumba, fell after two days of hard fighting.

Up the road to Stan marched the "Popular Army of Liberation," a ragtag band of tribesmen carrying spears and an occasional captured rifle. But each rebel also carried a magic wand, which he fully believed would protect him from bullets, and the 1,000 Congolese soldiers and gendarmes who opposed the rebel force at Stanleyville last week shared that belief. By the time the angry, ragged rebels reached the city, all but 50 of its battle-weary defenders had thrown their arms into the Congo River and ducked out, many of them disguised as women.

The men who remained put on a good show—for a while at least. The fighting raged back and forth across the broad lawns of the U.S. consulate in Stanleyville. From the windows of the long, low, white building on the river bank, Consul Michael P. E. Hoyt had a ringside view. A burly, cigar-chomping Chicagoan of 34, Hoyt calmly stood his ground and flashed progress reports back to Leopoldville on his single side-band radio.

**Lions & Goats.** "Organized bands entering city," Hoyt observed laconically as the battle began. "Firing into air and possibly on consulate. Just saw Congolese in tattered dress, presume Popular Army." As the rebels pushed past the consulate, he sent USIA Officer Philip R. Mayhew, 29, off on a "successful, courageous dash" to the airport with two American girl tourists. The firing intensified, and Hoyt messaged: "Pole shot and rope cut by gunfire, but consulate flag still flying." At one point, rebels



CYPRIOTS DIGGING IN  
On the Green Line, blood.



REBEL LEADER SOUMIALOT

Magic wands for the new Lumumba.

actually broke into the consulate, and Hoyt prudently retired with his four assistants to the "strong room," leaving a bottle of whisky behind to preoccupy the invaders. The whisky proved more powerful than the rebels' wands; they soon reeled away. By early morning, the city seemed to have fallen, but Hoyt was not sure if the Stanleyville airport had fallen with it. "Report from control tower says 'fighting' at airport," he flashed Leopoldville. "Air Congo reports all quiet."

Any doubts as to who held the airport were cleared up later that day when a U.S. DC-3 carrying the commander of the Stanleyville garrison tried to land. It was met with gunfire, which wounded the American pilot and sent the plane winging hurriedly well out of range.

**Tshombe & Cha-Cha-Cha.** That evening the radio crackled a message of triumph: "All Stanleyville is in the hands of the Popular Army. Do not forget: we are the lions and you are the goats." Next morning a program of recorded cha-cha-cha music was interrupted by a strident voice advertised as that of Emile Soumialot, president of the Chinese Communist-backed National Liberation Committee. "I am the new Lumumba," the voice ranted. "Just before he left us, Lumumba let it be known that someone stronger than he would come to complete his work. That man, *c'est moi*."

He may very well be, for it seemed that nothing short of major military aid from the outside could stop the rebels and preserve the month-old "government of public salvation" led by Premier Moise Tshombe. Though the Congolese army, in a rare show of aggressiveness, had recaptured the river port of Bolobo some 200 miles northeast of

Leopoldville and three other towns, rebel forces threatened Kivu Central province's highland capital of Bukavu. The rampaging insurgent forces reportedly captured the tin-mining town of Manono as well.

**Bullets & Bird Watchers.** The desperate military situation forced the U.S. into an ironic action quite in consonance with the topsy-turvy conditions of the Congo. Out of Washington to Brussels near week's end flew State Department Troubleshooter W. Averell Harriman. His mission: to persuade the Belgians to give increased military and technical aid to Tshombe's army. Just two years ago, the U.S. was trying to eliminate Belgian support for Tshombe, but that was in Katanga, where Tshombe was attempting his abortive secession. Now Belgium is reluctant to get involved, for fear that the rebels will retaliate by killing the Europeans who remain in the country. After hours of discussion, Harriman and Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak reached a compromise: Belgium will double its number of advisers to 400, while the U.S. will increase shipments of trucks, planes and communications equipment to Tshombe's government. Spaak would not permit Belgian officers to engage in combat, but both men agreed that they would do nothing to keep Tshombe from hiring mercenaries (so long as they were not Belgians or Americans).

As word of the rebel successes filtered into Leopoldville's *cities indigènes* last week, Africans began muttering, "They are coming, they are coming." About the only people in Leo who were not concerned were a group of 30 American bird watchers who arrived from New York for a 23-day ornithological outing. The merry band made 60 "sightings" during its brief stay, the most exotic of which was a wattled plover.

## NORTHERN RHODESIA

"Dead or Alive"

Central Africa's weird little holy war went into its third terrifying week. On one side was the government of Prime Minister Kenneth Kaunda; on the other the spear-bearing, fanatic followers of Prophetess Alice Leshina, whose hybrid cult mixes white magic with the teachings of the Church of Scotland.

Late one night, 200 of Alice's followers sacked 19 towns in an orgy of looting and slaughter. When dawn came, 75 lay dead behind them. 1,200 were homeless. Stunned by the massacre, Prime Minister Kaunda ordered a full-scale offensive against the fanatics, who were now outlawed by official decree. "I want Alice Leshina dead or alive!" he cried, waving a black kerchief to a mourning throng. Next day government troops attacked two Leshina strongholds, killing 81 hostile warriors. But of Alice there was no trace.

## COMMUNISTS

A Model Red

Any eager young Chinese Communist diplomat would have jumped at the assignment, and crew-cut, bespectacled Tung Chi-ping was no exception. The place was Bujumbura, the cool, colorful capital of tiny Burundi (pop. 2,750,000) in the heart of subversion-ripe Central Africa. The embassy itself was located in an entire wing of the Paguidas-Haidemens Hotel ("hot and cold running water"), and the job was nominally "assistant cultural attaché." The duties were far more interesting than mere lecturing on Sung poetry and Ming pottery. Every night, for instance, exciting home movies were shown to select audiences brought in from the Congo and other African countries. The noise on the sound track was largely machine-gun fire and bomb explosions, but that was to be expected, since Peking's men were giving the Africans a short course in revolution.

**Willing Waste.** What was not to be expected was Tung's real motive for taking the assignment. Last May 26, after only a day on the job, he walked out of the Paguidas-Haidemens, hailed a taxi, and told the driver: "Quick, the U.S. embassy." Minutes later he became a defector—the second Chinese Communist official ever to seek sanctuary with Americans.

Last week Tung turned up in New York on a Pan American flight from Rome. The State Department denied any role in his escape from Burundi, and Tung himself made it clear that his defection had been his own idea. "I saw the hypocrisy of China long before I decided to defect," he explained. What had disillusioned him was Mao's treatment of intellectuals, who had been asked to criticize the regime and were





DEFECTOR TUNG

*Home movies for the revolution.*

then denounced as traitors. Equally repellent was Red China's abortive "backyard furnace campaign" of 1958, in which the government cynically asked every neighborhood to smelt steel for the greater industrial glory of the country, then never used it. Said Tung: "I realized in 1958 that the Communists were willing to waste lives and energy for their own purposes."

**Fitting Reward.** But to escape from Red China Tung knew he would first have to convince his bosses of his complete dedication to the system. "I became very progressive," he says. And indeed, during four years at the Foreign Language Institute at Shanghai, where he excelled in French, Tung was a model Red. He was rewarded with the Burundi assignment.

Aside from his desire to live in the West, Tung brought with him 72 pages of notes on Chinese Communist intentions in Africa. "What they care about is the Congo," Tung told reporters. "Mao Tse-tung has said: 'When we can grab the Congo, then we can grab the whole of Africa.'" To find out just where Mao plans to close his fingers, the State Department last week invited Tung down to Washington for some serious talk.

## MOZAMBIQUE

### Public Enemy No. 3

When Dr. David Livingstone wandered through the wilds of Mozambique a century ago, he found only "wretched forts full of military convicts with bugles and kettledrums." Today the forts are far from wretched. Big, solidly built, and bristling with guns, they are manned by thousands of tough young Portuguese soldiers who have no illusions about their job. "Africans are

pleasant people," said one trooper recently, "but we need cheap labor. If the Africans challenge this, we will have to suppress them."

And the challenge is bound to come, for Mozambique ranks just behind South Africa and Portuguese Angola on the list of "public enemies" drawn up by the Liberation Committee of the Organization of African Unity. With its upper half locked in the vice of militant black Africa, and the newly independent nation of Malawi (formerly Nyasaland) jutting like an *assegal* into its heart, Mozambique is in a precarious position. Larger in area than Texas, the torrid, subequatorial nation is run by 163,000 whites and Asians who are outnumbered 40 to 1 by blacks. Yet Portugal's Dictator António Salazar, who sits in a Lisbon palace 5,000 miles away, insists that Mozambique is not a colony but, like Angola, an integral part of metropolitan Portugal.

**A Bullet for the President.** Salazar himself has never visited Mozambique—a fact that most white Mozambicanos resent. But last week his puppet President, Rear Admiral Américo Deus Rodrigues Tomás, concluded a two-week swing through the country in an effort to prove that Lisbon really cares. From the Indian Ocean port of Lourenço Marques (where he reviewed 5,000 troops and 200 Alsatian, Doberman, boxer and Labrador guard dogs) to the villages of the Limpopo River Valley, the sprightly, 69-year-old President met with rousing receptions and blizzards of confetti. But for all the outward signs of welcome, Tomás was taking no chances. "One bullet for the President now will be worth 25,000 later," was the terrorist slogan, and Tomás was accompanied everywhere by 58 security cops armed with machine pistols. Last week, as the President cruised along the reed-grown shores of Lake Nyasa and contemplated the 20-mm. Oerlikon cannon at his vessel's bow, he aptly expressed his nation's position. "I find great pleasure," Tomás proudly told his naval aides, "in crossing these Portuguese waters."

A major stop on the President's tour was the vast \$34.2 million Impopo settlement scheme in southern Mozambique, into which Portugal hopes to lure 1,000 immigrant families from the homeland, as well as 500 more from Mozambique itself. Each new farmer will receive up to 25 acres of irrigated land, a new house, furniture and tools, as well as two bullocks, a milk cow, two pigs, five chickens and a rooster. The 14-village project serves two purposes: it takes the pressure off the government at home, where poverty and discontent are mounting, and it strengthens Mozambique's white population against the day when the "freedom fighters" decide to move.

**Blunting the Spear.** That day is still far off, for Mozambique's rebels are currently divided against one another. The

largest of the groups—Frelimo (*Frente da Libertação de Moçambique*)—is led by mild-mannered Dr. Eduardo Mondlane and claims 9,000 members both inside and outside the country, as well as 500 freedom fighters training at secret camps in Tanganyika. Frelimo's major rival is an organization called Udenamo, which claims that because Mondlane has a white American wife, his group is nothing more than a U.S. spy outfit that would never kill white Portuguese. Lesser, localized rebel gangs abound, but most of them are confused and ineffectual. One group boldly proposed a war-canoe raid on a Portuguese "slave island" off the coast. But it gave up when it could not find the island.

Just in case the rebels ever do get coordinated, Portugal is taking steps to blunt their most dangerous spear: the salient of Malawi, which provides 700 miles of mountainous, bush-grown border through which freedom fighters could filter at will. To prevent Malawi from becoming a rebel launching pad, Portugal is pressing a shotgun courtship with its black African Premier, Dr. H. Kamuzu Banda. Actually, Banda has very little choice but to be friendly with Mozambique: Malawi's 3,900,000 landlocked people are helplessly dependent on the Portuguese-run railroad to get their vital tobacco and tea exports to the Mozambican port of Beira, the only available shipping outlet. As Banda himself observed: "We need the Portuguese as much as they need us. We can be as friendly with them as the British are with the Russians." Though the policy would hardly win Banda any friends among African nationalists, it would at least keep his economy perking during the crucial months of initial independence.



PRESIDENT TOMAS ON TOUR  
A rooster for the immigrants.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Rocks Round the Clock

To Fleet Street, it was the second Battle of Hastings. To Hastings, now a drab south-coast resort town, it was simply the bloody awfulest sight since William the Conqueror. Mothers locked their children safe indoors, merchants closed their shops and pulled down the blinds, sedate middle-aged couples on the beach fled for cover. The Mods and the Rockers had come to town.

**Up the Mods.** Despite their common heritage (Elvis) and heroes (the Beatles), the foppish Mods and sullen Rockers like nothing better than to crack one

forments from nearby towns. Not until Monday morning, after Scotland Yard had airlifted four planeloads of riot cops from London, did they manage to round up the rioting youngsters and march them sternly out of town. Battle toll: dozens injured, 66 arrested. "It is time," said Hastings Magistrate Alfred Coote, "for Parliament to consider what measures they should take to crush this form of mass hooliganism."

Would legislation be any more effective than the vain protests of millions of anxious parents? Britain's youth, with more shillings in its pockets than ever, seeks escape from boredom—and from the hearth. "My Dad's trying to get me

no food; yet, thanks largely to Martinet, the miners resisted panic, began tapping with their picks on the cavern wall.

**Piped Wine.** The situation seemed hopeless, but 32 hours later, a small exploratory rescue drill broke through the roof of their cavern and a tiny microphone was lowered. Chosen as spokesman, Martinet introduced everybody all around, suggested that the main rescue shaft be drilled from another—and more difficult—angle to lessen the danger of falling rock. "We are a little hungry, a little cold and very thirsty," he called to the rescuers above. Down came some red wine in a hose. Later, specially baked, redlike loaves of bread were lowered into the tiny opening.

On the surface, someone suggested using explosives to enter from the side. Up came a roar from Martinet: "You are going to send the whole works down on our heads! Spare us any further emotions." As the drills advanced at the excruciatingly slow rate of 7 ft. an hour, drill bits broke. Martinet never complained, calmed fellow victims and rescuers alike, asked for playing cards with which the men passed their time playing *belote*, a sort of French bridge. When Martinet's 18-year-old daughter Janine asked in a midnight conversation from the drill site, "Papa, how are you?", he lectured: "Should not a girl of your age be home at this hour of the day? Go home and keep your mother company. She should rest and not worry. Our morale is like iron."

**Survivors Emerge.** The drilling proceeded even more cautiously as it neared the chamber; it took 13 hours to tunnel the last 12 ft. When the breakthrough came, Martinet issued appropriate congratulations. "Voilà!" he shouted wryly. "For eight days we have been talking to each other. I would very much like to lay eyes on you." Yet he gallantly insisted on being the last to come out.

At sundown one day last week, as thousands watched, grimy, bearded André Martinet emerged at the surface, ending eight days and seven hours of anguish. "I waited and hoped, but above all I prayed," said Martinet. Safe at last, he immediately volunteered to go down once again to try to find five other men trapped in different passages, but at week's end rescue efforts for them were abandoned. Next, vowed Martinet, he was going to apply for a new job—above ground.

## FRANCE

### "André Was With Us"

For the French, a hero must have not only courage but also *savoir-faire*. A 45-year-old mine foreman named André Martinet last week showed plenty of both.

An underground veteran of 18 years in the pits, Martinet was trapped some 220 ft. below the surface when a limestone mine deep inside Mont Rivel suddenly shook, loosing tons of rocks into the shafts. With him were eight fellow workers, most of them younger. "At first we did not dare move," recalled Joseph Catteno, 31. "But then André was with us, and he took over." From the first moments of a marathon drama that lasted for more than a week, the short, balding, beak-nosed Martinet was the indispensable man. With him in the lead, the men explored the "room" in which they were trapped: a 144-ft.-long by 15-ft.-high chamber that was cold and damp, its floor under water. There

another's skulls. Two mass bashes over the Easter and Whitweekends had only whetted the teen sets' appetites for more, as excited word spread from London's Mecca Ballrooms and myriad Soho record clubs that Hastings would be the smart place to be on the long three-day Bank Holiday weekend at the beginning of August.

The first waves began arriving on Saturday, black-jacketed Rockers by the hundreds, parka-clad Mods by the thousands. By Sunday morning, Hastings swarmed with teen-age Beatles and their birds, scruffy and wild-haired after all-night nesting on the beach. To add to the general misery, a light rain was falling. Suddenly, the kids began ranging through town in packs, stopping traffic, banging on cars, chanting ("Up the Mods"), looking for trouble. They raided cafés for dishes and glasses to throw, knives and forks to brandish, chased each other up the beaches and down the streets under a hail of rocks and crockery. On the promenade, herds of noisy Rocker motorcycles roared incessantly; buzzing them in hand-to-handlebar combat were enough Mod motor scooters to hold mass Vespa services.

**Escape from Boredom.** Round the clock Hastings rocked, while police, outmanned and outwheeled, called in rein-



POLICE & RIOTERS AT HASTINGS  
Vespa services on the promenade.

forcement from nearby towns. Not until Monday morning, after Scotland Yard had airlifted four planeloads of riot cops from London, did they manage to round up the rioting youngsters and march them sternly out of town. Battle toll: dozens injured, 66 arrested. "It is time," said Hastings Magistrate Alfred Coote, "for Parliament to consider what measures they should take to crush this form of mass hooliganism."

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## EUROPE

### The August Catastrophe

The full force of the midsummer madness struck Western Europe last week. Bulletins on French radio had the urgency of war communiqués: "The traffic jam is now approaching Lyon . . . It is now impossible to pass through Avignon . . . Accidents have blocked all roads into Aix." In Italy, three-quarters of the population of Milan fled the city. Rome, Florence, Naples and Genoa were dead, and Capri, Elba,

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Rimini and Viareggio as jammed as Coney Island on the 4th of July. Thousands of vacationers had to stand twelve hours in railroad coaches to reach the sea. In Spain, the government had moved from Madrid to San Sebastián, and was nearly trampled under the influx of French tourists, who this year will number 7,000,000.

**Stubbed Toes.** If the American works for raises and promotion, the European works for his vacation, and he wants it in August. It has done no good to point out that Nice is nicer in July, with more sun and less rain than in August, or that Spanish beaches are pleasanter in June and September than in midsummer. No one listens. Of France's 8,000,000 autos, 4,000,000 were on the road last week—filled with potato salad, crying children, accordion maps and cursing drivers. Seven million campers pitched their tents on 8,400 acres of camping space, and there were scarcely 4 sq. yds. per bivouacked family in Southern France. Thousands of toes were stubbed on thousands of tent pegs. Along the French Riviera the cars were bumper to bumper, and the bikinis bosom to bosom. Vacationers everywhere stood in line for meals, phone calls, beach umbrellas and bathrooms. Restaurants in Nice served as many as four sittings for dinner, the last at 11 p.m. Genial hosts in the beleaguered resorts responded bravely by shoring up their prices.

Though obviously silly, an August vacation was still chic. At St. Tropez alone, Premier Georges Pompidou, Conductor Herbert von Karajan, Artist Bernard Buffet and Author Françoise Sagan were dining and dancing. Brigitte Bardot arrived, then left when she could not find a maid. There were so many of the young, beautiful people from Paris that the town was being called St. Tropez-des-Prés. In Antibes, Pablo Picasso good-humoredly favored for tourist cameras at the Restaurant Roger.

**Absurd Lesson.** Governments beg their citizens to vacation at other times. Jean Hallaire, secretary of France's Committee for the Establishment of Work and Leisure Time, warned: "The month of August will be a catastrophe for vacationers. It should be an excellent lesson in the absurdity of everyone taking his vacation at once."

But it is not easy to stay home in August, since many businesses simply close down for the month. The French production index slipped to 66% of the yearly average. Survival in the empty cities has its risks—the plumber, the doctor and the baker are all at the beaches. In Italy, most bars, restaurants, movies and drugstores are shut down for eight to 15 days. Every other shop in Paris bears the sign *Fermé(e) annuelle*. Most Western Europeans could well understand the sign posted last week outside the Church of Santa Lucia in Verona. It read, "Absent on vacation," and was signed, "The beggar of Santa Lucia."

## YEMEN

### The Forgotten War

From the mountains of Yemen last week came news of a sharp turn in the fighting that greatly improves the prospects of Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser and dims the hopes of victory for the tenacious royalist tribesmen of Imam Mohammed el Badr. A brisk, twelve-week campaign has put Nasser's troops and tanks in control of most of the country.

The streak of success came none too soon for Egypt's ruler, who has poured vast quantities of men and money behind the republican regime that de-

**Red Wolves.** Nasser claims that the place of the Arab potentates has been filled by the British, long uneasy about Nasser's ambitions in oil-rich Arabia. Indeed, Anthony Boyle, who until last October was aide-de-camp to the British High Commissioner in Aden, recently turned up as an unofficial military adviser in the royalist mountains. Asked in Parliament who authorized Boyle's involvement in Yemen, Britain's Prime Minister Sir Alec Douglas-Home insisted that "both the present High Commissioner and his predecessor have assured my right honorable friend that they were not aware the person in question was involved in any way." It



EGYPTIAN TANKS IN YEMEN

*How long to dislodge a man with a gun?*

posed the Imam in a palace coup two years ago. Since then, it has been touch and go for the 30,000 to 40,000 Egyptian soldiers who managed to cling to the towns and a few main roads. The royalist tribes, led by Imam Badr and princes of the royal family, controlled the mountains of the center and north.

**Broken Blocks.** The tide began to turn in May, when, under the personal command of the Imam, the royalists surrounded the northern towns of Hajja and Sada. Two Egyptian armored columns raced to the relief of the garrisons, broke through royalist roadblocks, and smashed the lines of the besieging tribesmen. As before, the royalists swiftly retreated to the mountains, fully expecting the Egyptians to remain in their hard-won positions. Instead, Nasser's troops plunged into the hills in hot pursuit, methodically cleaning out each tortuous ravine and occupying each ridge line before moving forward.

Nasser has also been making gains on the diplomatic front. At an Arab peace conference last January, he skillfully detached Jordan's King Hussein and Saudi Arabia's Crown Prince Feisal from the royalist side. Last month Hussein recognized the Yemen republic, and though Prince Feisal still supplies the Imam with money, he apparently has closed his borders to arms traffic.

was hardly a blanket denial of British participation.

What bothers Britain most is Nasser's effort to stir up the tribes of the South Arabian Federation. Britain's claim to have exterminated South Arabia's chief rebels, colorfully called the Red Wolves of Radfan, was premature, to say the least. Since June, the Royal Air Force has flown 1,500 sorties against rebel tribesmen—devastating many of their villages as thoroughly as the Egyptians had done in Yemen. As much as anything, the British are challenging the claim of hegemony that Nasser hopes to carry to the conference table at the Arab summit meeting next month. Nasser wants the Saudi Arabs to join Jordan in official recognition of Yemen's republican regime, and he clearly thinks he can win such diplomatic assent if further success is achieved, not only in the South Arabian Federation but also among Yemen's disorganized chieftains.

For all his recent successes, clear victory for Nasser is highly improbable. In the serene heights of northern Yemen, a man with a gun cannot easily be dislodged. Declared the Imam last week: "Yemen has fought for decades against foreign intruders, and is today stronger than ever. We are ready to fight this war for another ten years."

# THE HEMISPHERE

## CUBA

### View from Havana

For six days the five Cubans paddled north across the sea on a raft fashioned from truck-tire inner tubes, rope and bamboo poles. By the time a passing Florida yachtsman spotted them 35 miles off Grand Bahama island last week and took them aboard, the raft had disintegrated and the refugees were clinging to the inner tubes, half in, half out of the water. What sort of land is it that drives men to take such risks to escape? Last month Fidel Castro invited 30 U.S. newsmen to Cuba to witness the July 26 celebrations marking the eleventh anniversary of his initial attack against Dictator Fulgencio Batista. Among the newsmen was TIME's Caribbean Bureau Chief Edwin Reingold. His report:

A handsome old woman rocks on the porch of her once proud but now paint-peeling home. Her husband is dead; her son is in exile; her maid, whom she reared from childhood, will soon be moving out. "And then," sighs the woman, "who will stand in line for me?" She is painfully alone. This is no longer her Cuba. It is no longer the Cuba of anyone's memory. "La Roca?" puzzles the young boy in the starched militia uniform. "Oh yes, it was an old restaurant that used to grovel for Yankee dollars before the revolution. I never go there." A University of Havana student is almost euphoric in his fervor: "We are building a new Cuba. We must waste no time and we must be ruthless."

**A Grey Spectrum.** The leaders of the new Cuba have proved after 53 years in power that they can control Cuba. No one has yet proved that they can run it. Rationing and shortages have worsened to the point where

an automobile tire now goes for \$1.30 on the black market, the weekly coffee ration is down to 1½ oz. per person, and the monthly butter ration is 4 lb. per person. At Havana's Tropicana nightclub, the chorus is still leggy and kicking, but the food is bad and few Cubans can even afford the tips. A Coca-Cola? Sure, says the obliging bartender at the Habana Libre Hotel. The bottle is certainly a Coke bottle—but the orange-colored stuff inside resembles battery acid.

Day by day there are the continued mechanical breakdowns—automobiles, refrigerators, elevators and sugar-mill equipment. The main problem, of course, is the U.S. blockade, which has choked off the supply of new equipment and spare parts. But there is also Cuba's own bureaucracy and inefficiency. In factory after factory, production "norms" are blandly ignored. Unfortunately for Fidel, many have-nots simply care not. In Santiago we noticed some workers stacking cases of soda pop, and one man was methodically dropping every fifth case, shattering scores of bottles. As we walked toward the man, down went another case, and he gave us a sly, knowing wink. It seems he was pressed into his job, and he didn't like it.

Radio stations broadcast and rebroadcast Fidel's speeches, bookstalls are chockablock with tracts on Lenin and Marx and a grey spectrum of repair and fix-it books. "There isn't a magazine, a novel, or anything else worth reading," sighs an exasperated Cuban. "Just this junk about imperialism and stuff on what a happy place Hungary is."

**A Plea for Hope.** The stuff, however, is having its effect, particularly on Cuba's youth. In Santiago one eight-

year-old we talked to froze in terror when he discovered that we were "the imperialist monster." Students are told that they would never have had a chance to go to school except under Communism. To keep them believing it, scholarship students get first crack at the milk, butter, eggs and fruit. Older Cubans can only shrink back into themselves. They are the people who count less and less today. "Can't you give us some hope?" pleaded one woman in Havana.

The answer one gropes but doesn't give is that one sees nothing inside Cuba to give hope. As the regime becomes more firmly entrenched, the older Cubans learn to live with their hardships and the younger Cubans to love them as a symbol of the revolution. The feeling among Western diplomats in Havana is that by 1969, when Castro has half-promised to draw up a constitution, it might actually be safe for him to open the polls. Over the next five years, the shortages may be alleviated somewhat, and the *campesinos*, true to Castro's boast, may have a bit more than before. Party control will certainly be more tightly sewed up, dissenters will be driven into deeper silence, and Cuba's internal power base will be broadened.

Already Minister of Industries Che Guevara has taken control of most of Cuba's economy, and Fidel's little brother Raúl, head of Cuba's armed forces, is assuming an ever larger role in politics. It has been suggested that the only thing that could topple the Communists in Cuba would be Fidel's assassination. If Fidel were to die, there would indeed be turmoil. But a year or two from now, the party may be so strong that one man's death would make little difference.



SANTIAGO TRAFFIC COP  
Some love the revolution.



PEASANTS BOUND FOR JULY 26 CELEBRATIONS



TROPICANA DANCER  
Some live with it.

## MEXICO

### Rebuff to the OAS

"The President of the Republic of Mexico has resolved to maintain our contacts with the government of Cuba in their present state." With that, Mexico's Foreign Minister last week served notice that his country will refuse to impose the economic and diplomatic sanctions voted by the Organization of American States last month. To break relations with Cuba, added the Foreign Minister, "will aid no one in any form, and would prejudice the interests of an infinite number of persons."

Castro coddling? Not in Mexico's view. At home, the government sedulously harasses domestic Communists, and its relations with Cuba are, at best, coldly correct. But the Mexicans believe that their Havana embassy and air link with Cuba provide an escape route. More important, Mexico vigorously resists anything that smacks of follow-the-leader—in this case, the U.S. So last month, it had joined Bolivia, Chile and Uruguay—the three other Latin American countries still maintaining relations with Cuba—in voting against the OAS sanctions. With last week's action, Mexico itself became a leader of sorts. Bolivia and Chile started wavering in their plans for a break in relations; only Uruguay appeared ready to follow through soon.

## BRITISH GUIANA

### Admission of Failure

Cheddi Jagan, British Guiana's Marxist Premier, finally gave in—at least for the time being. Last week East Indian members of Jagan's agricultural workers' union were going back to work after the longest and bloodiest strike in the little South American colony's turbulent history. Even with the six-month strike officially over, peace is returning slowly.

Jagan ordered the walkout last February to force recognition of his union by sugar growers, and create enough disturbance to make Britain postpone this autumn's election, which he would most probably lose. He failed on both counts. All he accomplished was to weaken the country's economy and touch off a vicious racial war between his 295,000 East Indian supporters and the colony's 190,000 determinedly anti-Jagan Negroes.

To enforce Jagan's demands for his union over an older, bigger union, East Indians started harassing nonstriking Negroes in the sugar fields. Before long, any real issue was forgotten in the racial hatred. Houses were bombed, plantations burned, men, women and children on both sides set upon without mercy. A month ago, terrorists planted a time bomb on a river ferry carrying 69 Negroes; at least 40 were killed. Negroes retaliated by blowing up Jagan's party headquarters in Georgetown, killing a Negro worker and nar-

rowly missing the Premier's Chicago-born Communist wife and party secretary, Janet Rosenberg.

Citing "the callous disregard for human life that has been shown by terrorists up and down the country," British Governor Sir Richard Luyt called in 5,000 Tommies to quell the riots and assumed emergency rule—in effect stripping Jagan of power. He also ordered Guineans to turn in all private firearms except licensed pistols, under pain of life imprisonment plus flogging. Through it all, the Colonial Office in London stood firm by the election schedule, while the sugar companies stuck with the established union.

By the time Jagan finally called a halt to the strike, in the interests of "national unity and harmony," the deaths totaled 173, with uncounted thousands injured. Moreover, many workers are still idle because cane growers are between spring and fall crops. The beatings and killings continue, and four or five houses go up in flames every night.

## COLOMBIA

### Dictator's Comeback

All that could be heard in Colombia's Congress was the jeers of the opposition. Pleadingly, the nation's President, Guillermo León Valencia, 55, raised his hands for quiet. "Liar!" howled the opposition. "Assassin!" As TV cameras flashed the scene to fascinated viewers, Valencia fought to be heard. "There are slaves," he shouted into the din. "who despite their freedom hold a nostalgia for chains!"

Three weeks have elapsed since that noisy opening of Colombia's Congress, but Bogotá's capitol building still rings with the shrill cries of the same opposition. Its aim is the overthrow of President Valencia and the end of the fragile, six-year-old coalition of Liberals and Conservatives that governs Colombia. The opposition's leader: Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, 64, a deposed and discredited ex-dictator who is making a surprising comeback. Right now, Rojas and his followers are little more than a swarm of annoying gnats, but the swarm is growing.

**Ambitious & Corrupt.** The thought of Rojas in power again is chilling to many Colombians. A tough and ambitious military man, he led a successful coup in 1953, soon became the model of the ruthless Latin American strongman—ruling by decree, censoring all newspapers, quashing political opposition. He lavished millions on the army, acquired at least nine ranches and generally proved so corrupt that a military-civilian coup sent him packing into exile in Spain in 1957. A year later when Rojas returned the government stripped him of his decorations and pensions, and barred him from voting or seeking office. Otherwise he was left alone, and that was a mistake.

Gathering a cluster of followers, he

formed his National Popular Alliance Party, carefully keeping his own name off the rolls, and started feeding on the country's discontent. In the 1962 congressional elections, Rojas' party won six seats in the 192-seat Congress. In this year's March elections, his party jumped to 27 seats.

**Strategy of Standstill.** Helping Rojas along is the fumbling record of Valencia's government. Under Valencia, the military has mounted a highly successful campaign against backlands banditry (TIME, June 26). But that is about the only bright spot. The cost of living has zoomed 54% in eight months, unemployment is running 10%, trade and budget deficits remain dangerously high. Colombia's ambitious, ten-year development program—begun in 1958 under the administration of Alberto Lleras



EX-STRONGMAN PINILLA  
*The swarm is growing.*

Camargo—is threatened by graft and inefficiency. Scandals have erupted everywhere, from the import license office to government housing projects. As the government sinks deeper into trouble, the country's Liberal-Conservative coalition is gradually fragmenting into its old warring factions. "Revolution is the only solution," urges Rojas. "This government cannot finish its term because it would finish the nation."

Rojas' party and other opposition allies in Congress are only three votes short of the one-third they need to block legislation. His strategy is to bring Colombia to a standstill in hopes of triggering a revolt among the increasingly restless military; he then believes that he could negotiate his way to power. That failing, Rojas hopes to marshal enough strength by the 1966 elections so that his party will win either the presidency or a congressional majority. "The people and the army are with me," he boasts, "and if they keep clamoring for my candidacy, I would not hesitate to become President again."

## PEOPLE

At his suite in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers, **Herbert Hoover** celebrates his 90th birthday this week with a family dinner. He is the first U.S. President to live so long since John Adams.

"How much do you feel your liberty is worth?" asked the Rouen judge. "Twenty million francs!" shouted **Rhadamés Trujillo**, 22, son of the slain Dominican dictator, who was thrown in the hoosegow on charges brought by relatives trying to sink their teeth into the family fortune of \$100 million or so. "Excuse my client," pleaded his lawyer. "He is blinded by the thought of the freedom he wants so desperately." So the court blinked at Rhadamés' clerk, set bail at only 10 million francs (\$2,000,000), which his mother, sister and brother put up in a wink.

"**Konrad Adenauer**," read the signature on the letter to the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, and it challenged Chancellor Ludwig Erhard's right to determine C.S.U. party policy. *Was ist los?* headwagged Bonn pundits. The old warhorse re-enters the lists? *Der Alte* neined them in. "I have a son who bears my name," said he, adding, in case anyone wondered, "That's not to say I have sons who don't." As to the letter, though he didn't disagree with Konrad Jr., the 57-year-old Cologne businessman who had written it, neither had he been consulted beforehand. Explained the 88-year-old parent: "I believe in letting my children run free."

Massachusetts Senator **Leverett Saltonstall**, 71, is lucky to be a Yankee; he comes from a state where the locals appreciate thrift. His mail clerk, Mrs. Judy Sherbert, spent a year winding the



MISS UNIVERSE  
Close to Aphrodite.

ties that bind the Senator's five daily postal consignments. Some folks might conceivably think her behavior a trifle odd, but not "Salty." He knows whereby hangs a tale to tell the voters of Massachusetts, so he called in photographers and howled them over with Judy's 92-lb. round of twine. "Let's get the ball rolling," he twanged.

A better mousetrap? No, but some awfully cute mice: **Maria Shriver**, 8, **Robert Kennedy Jr.**, 10, **David Kennedy**, 9, **Courtney Kennedy**, 7, **Robert Shriver**, 10, and **Sydney Lawford**, 7. They set up the roadside stand in Hyannis Port to sell postcards with pictures of their late uncle and other mementoes to raise funds for the Kennedy Memorial Library. The world beat a path to their door, and they raised \$50 from the tourists the first day, but then the whole thing got out of hand, and traffic cop sent the youngsters scampering back to the family pen.

So the bashful Bronx butcher married the girl and they lived happily ever after. Only it doesn't end like that for the bull-necked actor who played the butcher in *Marty*. **Ernest Borgnine**, 47. Only 38 days after he wed his third wife, **Musiconedienne Ethel Merman**, 55, Ethel left his bed and board and headed in a huff for the Beverly Crest Hotel. As his sidekick used to say, after he'd closed the shop for the day, "I dunno, Marty, whaddayuh doin' tonight?"

**Oho Psychiatrist George T. Harding III**, 60, runs a respectable sanitarium to which the wealthy commit relatives



MRS. SHERBERT & SALTONSTALL  
Something for the Yankees.

to avoid the rigors (and publicity) of state institutions. As a nephew of Warren Gamaliel Harding, whose love letters to Ohio Matron Carrie Phillips were recently revealed by Historian Francis Russell, Dr. Harding has been distressed by the rattling of his own family skeletons. So he sued Russell and his publishers, McGraw-Hill and American Heritage, to prevent publication of the letters and to collect \$1,000,000 damages. American Heritage plans to fight the suit, but their lawyer admits that Dr. Harding's case has its points. A common-law principle holds that while a letter's ink and paper belong to the recipient, its thoughts, and therefore publication rights, belong to the author and his heirs.

Aphrodite showed considerably more of her charms, but goddesses are still being born out of the Aegean sea foam, as a maid of Athens, **Kiriaki Tsopoi**, 20, demonstrated when she became the new Miss Universe at Miami Beach. Preparing for a year of travel and promotions under a \$10,000 contract (in addition to her \$7,500 first prize), the Greek army colonel's daughter shed the Kiriaki for a more classical *Corinna*. Then she posed by a statue of Adonis' beloved to show gracefully (36-22-36) how the glory that was Greece still is.

Lots of kids want to grow up to be Mickey Mantle. But what can you do when eleven you're already **Mickey Mantle—Junior**, that is? You set out to become Arnold Palmer. Up for a week at Grossinger's in the Catskills with a team of New York Yankee families, the outfielder's son borrowed a ladies' putter to illustrate proper form. Then he picked up a driver, laced the ball 200 yds.—over the rightfield fence in any league.



MICKEY MANTLE JR.  
Mighty like on Arnie.



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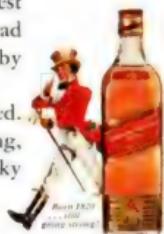
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Division of Olin was able to avoid the bitter after-taste of artificial sweeteners. They made it a liquid, so it would mix instantly, even in iced drinks.

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# SCIENCE

## WEAPONS

### Tomorrow's Rifles

The weapons of modern navies and air forces are largely the products of the most modern technology, but on the ground the basic infantry weapon, the rifle, has barely changed in half a century. The M-14 carried by present-day G.I.s is only a slight improvement on the heavy, clumsy M-1 of World War II; the M-1, in turn, was little different from the Springfield of World War I. They are all large-bore weapons firing heavy bullets that have rapid spin, which aids their long-range accuracy—a quality that has little value in a rifle in a modern war. Production of the old M-14s was finally stopped last spring. The Defense Department has now ordered 85,000 of the Colt arms company's small-bore M-16s, most of which will be sent to Viet Nam, where they have already been proved in combat.

The killing effect of a rifle bullet depends on the energy it carries, and that energy increases with the square of the bullet's speed. The bullets of the .223-cal. M-16 make up for their lighter weight by having a muzzle velocity of 3,250 ft. per sec.—significantly more speed than the 2,800 ft. per sec. of the .30-cal. M-14. The cartridges are lighter, and so is the rifle itself. An M-16 with 120 rounds of ammo weighs only 9 lbs., no more than an empty M-14. Its bullets are not as accurate at ranges greater than 300 yds. because they are deliberately given less stabilizing spin. They tend to tumble, and since they usually hit their targets sideways, they do extra damage. The M-14 kicks like a mule, but the M-16 is almost kickless. It can be fired rapidly, with little tendency toward wildness.

The M-16 is just the beginning of the rifle revolution. Under development:

- **TWO-SLUG CARTRIDGE.** For run-of-the-draft riflemen, whose aim is usually wide of the target, the Army is experimenting with cartridges containing two bullets, one packed behind the other. The front bullet flies true, but the rear bullet is deliberately made roughened so that it lags and drifts a little, approaching the target a foot or more to one side. The resulting shotgun effect is calculated to improve the score of a non-deadly marksman.

- **MULTIPURPOSE RIFLES.** For infantrymen who have always longed for rifles that can be fitted out to serve efficiently as magazine-fed light machine guns or heavy-volume belt-fed machine guns, the Defense Department is testing two such weapons systems under battlefield conditions, and trained marines make the transformations in less than 1 min. while wearing clumsy Alaskan mittens.
- **MICROJETS.** For short range targets not more than 100 yards away, tiny rockets called microjets are now being tried. No bigger than bullets, they are filled with a quick-burning propellant



OVER SIXTY YEARS, THE INFANTRYMAN'S BEST FRIEND

*For a new war, new arrows?*

and launched in quick succession from a thin-walled, hand-held tube. Their chief advantages are light weight and silence. They operate not with bang but a hiss.

• **DART THROWER.** For the future, the most radical rifle is SPIW (Special Purpose Infantry Weapons, pronounced "spew"), which fires darts instead of bullets. Called flechettes, French for "little arrows," the darts are about as thick as pencil leads and an inch or so long. They have tiny fins or thin tails to make them fly straight, and their needle-sharp points allow them to move through the air like supersonic aircraft with much less drag than short, fat, traditional bullets. Several can be fired from the same cartridge, but Army experts prefer to use one per cartridge and have the gun fire three flechettes automatically in quick succession. The darts are easily deflected by wind, brush or even leaves, and when they hit an enemy they may pass straight through his body without doing much damage. But it is far more likely that they will turn and bend, slushing through flesh like high-speed knives.

## ENTOMOLOGY

### Hot Wasp Nests

Near Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee is a green woodland dotted with man-made pits and a steadily dwindling pond. Both pits and pond have been used for the disposal of radioactive wastes, so an 8-ft. chain-link fence fringed with barbed wire keeps unauthorized people away from the wood's dangers. Unmanned monitor stations, looking like small refrigerators and packed with instruments, keep watch for signs of trouble. Last summer some of the monitors began to give alarmingly high readings. One reported more than one roentgen per hour, and it takes an accumulated dose of only 400-500 roentgens to kill a man.

**Mud in the Monitor.** Somehow, radioactive mud seemed to be getting into the instrument boxes. But how? Insect Ecologist Alvin Fleetwood Shinn was

called in to investigate. Dressed in white coveralls, rubber boots and gloves, and carrying a radiation survey meter, he prowled the forbidden woods and soon identified the culprits. Hidden among the monitor instruments, sometimes even plastered on vacuum tubes, were dozens of mud nests built by wasps.

Other places in the fenced-off reservation were thick with "hot" nests; an abandoned house had so many that sleeping in its bedroom would have been dangerous. Actually, the yellow-and-black dauber wasps that built the nests were no threat to humans because they never fly far enough to carry radioactive material outside the high fence. To make sure that wasps would not confuse the instruments again, he had the monitors screened. Then he went to work studying the wasps, which had handed him a ready-made experiment on the biological effects of radiation.

**Dauber's Difference.** Insects can stand more radiation than humans, but they are not immune. Shinn put dosimeters in the nests and found that young wasps sometimes got 25 times as much radiation as a human can stand. The dose apparently reduced by 40% the number of wasps that developed successfully into adults. Of the two kinds of wasps that built nests among the instruments, Shinn noticed that only the yellow-and-black daubers used radioactive mud. The nests of the closely related pipe-organ daubers were always as free of radioactivity as if nuclear physics had never come to Tennessee. How could the wasps tell the difference?

Shinn does not yet have the answer, but he is running elaborate tests to find out. It may be that the cautious pipe-organ wasps are repelled by the faint odor of ozone and other gases that rise from radioactive mud. More fascinating is the possibility that among the wasps of Oak Ridge, which have been exposed to radioactive wastes for a longer period than any others, the pipe-organ daubers may have evolved a special sense that detects radioactivity and enables them to build nests that will not be lethal to their sensitive young.

## EDUCATION

### LEARNING

#### The Mind's Ear

They cannot see—but they hunger to learn. A blind college physics student wants to know what is in a four-part book on quantum mechanics written in Greek, Latin, German and English. A sightless theologian needs to absorb Reinhold Niebuhr's *The Nature and Destiny of Man*. A farmer must learn the contents of *Modern Fruit Science*. An aspiring salesman pleads to know *The Five Great Rules of Selling*.

The only practical way to get such knowledge from the printed page into the brain of a blind man is through his ear (Braille is hopelessly slow to read, expensive and bulky to produce). Luckily, any blind college student, profes-

ART SHOT



READER HAMERMESH

sional man or businessman in the U.S. can have the textbooks he is studying read aloud to him, and free at that. Recording for the Blind, Inc., a non-profit group of 32 staffers and 2,400 dedicated volunteers, will put any educational book on 7-in., 16x-r.p.m. vinylite discs and send it out to whoever needs it.

**Better Motivated.** The organization got started in 1949 when Mrs. Ronald H. Macdonald, wife of a New York investment banker, and a small group of volunteers began recording textbooks for G.I.s blinded in World War II. The Korean war casualty list sharply increased the need for help, and in 1951 Recording for the Blind was incorporated. Now, at the New York headquarters and 15 other recording units from Miami to Los Angeles, teams of readers and monitors (who check the spoken word against the text) spend hours inside soundproof booths to build up a catalogue of titles that stands at 7,000 and is growing by 1,600 a year.

The effort is enormous but singularly rewarding. Blind college students, more strongly motivated than students who can see, get better grades; 72% scored a B average or better in a recent nationwide sampling. Operating on a budget of \$389,000, Recording for the Blind this year is aiding 1,000 undergraduates and 1,500 adults. Expanding toward lower grade levels, it is also helping 400 high school seniors to prepare for college. And by arrangement with Connecticut education officials, the group is recording textbooks for youngsters in Grades 4 through 12, the state paying the initial cost and the private charity making copies available to some of the 17,000 other blind elementary- and secondary-school children in the U.S.

**Vested Interest.** Among the celebrities who have sounded off on record are CBS Newsman Walter Cronkite and film



STUDENT MCCOLLUM

Absorbing facts at 16x r.p.m.

stars Dana Wynter, Ed Begley and Bradford Dillman. Most volunteers are college-educated housewives, who usually read general histories and biographies. When a request comes in from a blind student (each needs about eight books a year), it is relayed from Manhattan to the field unit best staffed to read the subject intelligently. For that reason all but one unit—Oak Ridge, Tenn.—are located near a university with a good library and a big pool of specialists.

At Oak Ridge, a team of five nuclear scientists recorded tough texts on thermodynamics for Gerald McCollum, a blind student at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., and wound up feeling that they had a vested interest in his future. McCollum came through: he graduated second in his class. Now McCollum is at Brown University, and this summer he is using a translated Russian physics text in a research project financed by the National Science Foundation. His reader: Morton Hamermesh, assistant director of the Argonne National Laboratory near Chicago, who helped to translate the book.

### FOUNDATIONS

#### Mum Money

Railroad Financier Arthur Curtiss James was one of the least-known philanthropists in the U.S.—if his beneficiaries blabbed that they were getting money, James took it back.<sup>4</sup> He secretly gave away some \$20,000,000 before he died in 1941, but he was famous chiefly for his heard, his fancy for orchids and yachts, and his ownership of securities representing one-seventh of the railroad mileage of the U.S. An urbane fellow, James listed himself in *Who's Who* as a "capitalist."

James's eleemosynary obscurity was shared by the foundation he chartered to run for 25 years after his death. Although the directors eventually lifted James's ban on publicity, the grants they handed out, \$42 million all told, usually came in such small amounts (average: \$55,000) that James Foundation donations were hardly noticeable compared to the fat checks regularly issued by giants like Ford and Carnegie. Last week, with the expiration of the charter only two years off, the James Foundation voted to dissolve itself. The foundation's manner of leaving was untypically spectacular: it gave away almost all of its principal of more than \$96 million to 92 institutions. Grants of \$1,000,000 or more went to 36 universities, museums, hospitals, philanthropies and religious organizations. Biggest gift: \$5,500,000 to New York's Union Theological Seminary, long one of Presbyterian James's favorite causes.

### EDUCATION ABROAD

#### Rector for The Resplendent

Islam's oldest university has a new rector. Ending a seven month search, Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser picked Sheikh Hassan Mamoun, 70, to head Cairo's Al Azhar ("The Resplendent") University, for 1,000 years the most renowned center of Moslem learning.

Mamoun, a lifetime judge and political power in Nasser's Arab Socialist Union, came out of retirement to take the job. As Grand Mufti of Egypt from 1955 until 1961, he issued thousands of rulings and interpretations on religious matters. As the 39th rector of Al Azhar, Mamoun's responsibilities are even more impressive. The post carries with it the titles of Grand Imam and Sheikh of Islam, which makes Mamoun the nearest thing to a Moslem pope. Yet with Egypt struggling to slough off its feudal ways, he must also guide the university toward turning out the educated elite essential to run a modern nation.

The school, mired for centuries in

<sup>4</sup> Just like Television Actor Marvin Miller on CBS's *The Millionaire*, who doled out \$1,000,000 a week for 298 richly melodramatic weeks before the sponsor's money ran out in 1960.



AL AZHAR'S FOREIGN STUDENT DORMITORIES  
Combining ancient eminence with an up-to-date curriculum.



SHEIKH MAMOUN

rote teaching of the Koran, is already in the midst of a thriving renaissance. Mamoun's predecessor, Sheikh Mahmoud Chaltout, a leading scholar of the Koran who died in December, opened a school of commerce, made the study of English compulsory, revised the medieval law curriculum, established a separate college for girls. The government built an ultramodern "City of Islamic Missions" where Al Azhar's 3,600 foreign students, including six Americans, live in national dormitories with their own kitchens and common rooms.

Chaltout's changes aimed at making Al Azhar into a new university, while preserving its ancient eminence as a religious center. Mamoun intends to keep the combination. This fall, Al Azhar opens three new faculties of medicine, engineering, and agriculture. And the three towering minarets that once cast their shadows on a courtyard of ragged students kneeling on straw mats now look down on modern classrooms and a swimming pool.

## TEACHING

**Look, Ma, I'm Writin'!**

"The rotter school teacher is Mr. Holbrook," wrote the daring student. "He is a tramp. He needs a wash and a haircut and a new shirt and he has a big head and beady eyes." The description delighted English Teacher David Holbrook. Only a few months before, the "bottom-stream" British schoolboy of 14 was barely articulate. Now, flaunting a new-found power with words, he groped toward understanding the mystery that transforms murky thoughts into vivid language.

A fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Holbrook, 41, is a teacher who comes straight to the point that "the roots of true literacy are in the child's natural urge to use language to make sense of its life." Scolding at the "didaetic decorum" that dominates English teaching, Holbrook ignores graded

vocabularies and grammar drills. "Without 'vocabulary lessons' the child yet extends his vocabulary because he is searching for new concepts. Without lessons in grammar and sentence structure, he yet comes to write 'by nature' sentences of such complexity that grammarians would take years to catch up on definitions of his syntactical subtlety."

**Say It with Music.** Holbrook sometimes sounds more convinced than convincing, but he produces results. Enacting real life in the classroom, he gets grunting students of the twelve-to-15 age range to talk by staging mock employment interviews and playlets that become psychodramas of family problems. Then he makes them write, often by getting them to describe recorded music ranging from Aaron Copland to Jelly Roll Morton. One girl entering Holbrook's class with a reported IQ of 76 turned out a long, sophisticated lovers' dialogue that John O'Hara would have approved.



DAVID HOLBROOK  
Eliminating the smarmy.

Holbrook's impact on Britain's educational establishment has been heavy. His five anthologies of prose and poetry are used in thousands of state and private schools. Instead of the usual diet of Wordsworth and *Silas Marner*, the students get kitchen-sink selections from Hemingway on the birth of a baby, D. H. Lawrence on a son's quarrel with his mother, Koestler on a Communist execution, Joyce on a Dublin funeral. Holbrook's first book on education—combining theory, sample student compositions, and Holbrook's interpretations of their efforts—is required reading at most teacher-training colleges. As his just-published third book, *The Secret Places*, shows, his instructional message never wavers. Picturing a scrawled page from Picasso's notebooks, Holbrook snaps: "The first problem in creativity is to have material to organize; fitness comes later."

**14th Century Comfort.** A man with a big head and hair that needs to be cut, Holbrook turned to teaching out of necessity in order to finance his creative writing of poetry and criticism after a career at Cambridge as a reader in English under famed Critic F. R. Leavis. Now comfortably settled with his wife and three children in a 14th century cottage in a hamlet near his alma mater, Holbrook earns far more in royalties as an anthologized and educational gadfly (total sales: 80,000 copies) than he ever did as a teacher or fiction writer.

Holbrook's indictment of Britain's elementary-school readers explains why. "Turn to any English book and you will find pious and smarmy passages of moral uplift ('the good citizen is one who takes his jacket off to get down to some really hard work'), passages of irrelevant heroism, and academic poetry and prose from the cloisters. The rich torment of popular life, with all its agony, excitement and teeming warmth, is not exemplified in the school culture. So it promotes ennui and resistance."

# MUSIC

## DANCE

### Pop Ballet

They certainly belong together. Choreographer Merce Cunningham believes that all movement is dance. Composer John Cage insists that all sound is music. Pop Artist Robert Rauschenberg thinks "every object is as good as every other object." But could they belong to *derré-arde* London? After presenting 15 ballets in six performances at Sadler's Wells, the triarchy established itself as the most explosive event in British ballet since Martha Graham's London debut in 1954. At week's end the company had proved such a surprise



CUNNINGHAM & CO. IN "SUITE"  
From far-in to farthest out.

smash that it transferred to another theater for 18 more performances.

The repertory ranged from far-in to farthest out. In a 5½-min. work aptly titled *Aeon*, a blinding flash of magnesium flares stirred Cunningham's ten-member troupe into an other-worldly, slow-motion ballet. In the orchestra pit, Conductor Cage slowly raised and lowered his arms like a railroad signal, while his two-man orchestra conjured a percussive nightmare with such ear-splitting accents as a nail file rasped across a metal music stand. When the sound system shorted and buzzed harshly for several minutes, the audience accepted it as part of the show.

As was markedly evident in *Suite for Five*, no attempt was made to correlate Cage's scores with Cunningham's choreography: the dances were neither created nor rehearsed to the music. A couple of ballets ended as inconclusively as a *New Yorker* short story. What did it

all mean—if anything? "Barefoot inconsequentiality," as the *Guardian* snorted? Or "a much-needed shot in the backside," as the *Sunday Times* averred? Most balletomanes tended to the Observer's verdict that the three "are so full of invention that they will be a mine for imitators for years."

## CONDUCTORS

### The Next Toscanini?

Seldom has old Salzburg witnessed such an ovation. After the festival's opening concert last week, a capacity audience of 2,200 stamped, clapped and bravoed in a demonstration that verged on Beaufemania. One of the few in the hall who seemed unmoved by all the fuss was the man on the podium, hot-eyed, shock-haired Zubin Mehta, 28, the one-time boy wonder from Bombay who, in four years of conducting from Moscow to Montreal, has enjoyed one of the most spectacular ascents to fame in many a decade.

The peak of Mehta's career to date was his selection as lead-off conductor at Salzburg, where he has appeared for three straight years. With feet planted firmly apart, lithe, suavely handsome Mehta led the Berlin Philharmonic with driving energy through a varied program of works by Stravinsky, Mozart and Brahms, writhing and swaying, from heels to tiptoes, with the ebb and flow of the rhythms. Disdaining a score, he commanded a clean, precise beat with slashing strokes of his baton, winding his arm behind his head for broad, sweeping gestures like a pitcher unfurling a fastball, while his spidery left hand deftly drew out the secondary voices.

Mehta's performance did not charm the tough Salzburg press as much as it did the audience. To critical carping that his visually arresting style is designed to conduct the audience as well as the orchestra, Mehta replies coolly: "Intellectual snobs forget that showmanship is a great asset to the profession. We have to be able to bring certain things over to the public magnetically, and that requires acting."

**Brainwashed.** Whatever other talents he may have, Mehta is a natural, consummate performer. Back in North America, where he serves as conductor of both the Los Angeles and Montreal symphony orchestras, committee down-agers and women's magazines purr kit-tishly about his "brutal charm" and "catnip gaze."

The only Indian conductor who has ever won international fame, Mehta claims that he was "brainwashed with classical music from the cradle." Urged on by his father, former conductor of the Bombay Symphony Orchestra and now a violinist with Philadelphia's Curtis String Quartet, he began studying the violin and piano at seven. At one period, he renounced music for medicine but

soon relented. "Every time I sat down to write an exam or cut up a dogfish," he says, "there I was with a Brahms symphony running through my head." In 1958, after studying conducting for three years at Vienna's Academy of Music, he entered Britain's international conductors' competition at Liverpool, walked off with first prize. This launched him on a series of guest-conducting engagements throughout Europe. Back in the late 1950s, when the San Francisco Orchestra's conductor, Josef Krips, first heard Mehta in Vienna, he cried: "The next Toscanini has been born!"

**Misfortune's Child.** Mehta's big chance came during a whirlwind nine-month period in 1960-61 when half the world's first-rank conductors were struck with illness. Hopscotching between con-



ZUBIN MEHTA  
From dogfish to Brahms.

tinents on a moment's notice, he became the leading understudy to a host of ailing maestros, winning high critical acclaim nearly everywhere he appeared. In 1961, after stellar subbing jobs in Los Angeles and Montreal, Mehta was named resident conductor with both cities' orchestras. At 24, he rejuvenated Montreal's faltering orchestra almost overnight, stretched its season from twelve to 26 weeks, more than trebled symphony subscribers, to some 10,000.

"I made half my career by jumping in at the last moment," muses Mehta. "I sometimes think my success was due almost entirely to the misfortunes of my elderly colleagues." No more. Indeed, the "straordinario maestro Indiano-inglese," as an Italian critic called him in July, served notice last week that he had finished "thinking about" his career and would now embark on a decade of "fulfillment." It promises to be some decade.



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## RELIGION

### EVANGELISM

#### Preaching the Monkey Off Their Backs

When Toni walked into the old Georgian house on the edge of the slum-ridden Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, she was on the brink of hopelessness. At 31, she was not long out of jail, had no job, no money, and eight years of prostitution and drug addiction behind her. "I didn't know about this religion but they had there," she said. "But man, I was ready to try anything." It is now four months later, and Toni appears to have beat off despair. Her eyes are bright, her health is back, and her manner downright pleasant. "You know when I knew?" says she. "I knew when a pregnant girl said something nasty to me. I would have kicked her right in the belly before. But this time I just stood there—and then I walked away."

**Cold Turkey.** Like hundreds of drug addicts before her, Toni owes her metamorphosis to Evangelist David Wilkerson, 33, a Pentecostal minister who went to New York in 1959 with \$12.95 in his pocket, and now runs a rehabilitation program in New York with a budget of \$200,000—"every dime prayed in." What brought Wilkerson from Philipsburg, Pa., was a drawing in LIFE that showed some teen-agers who had stabbed a police victim to death in New York's Highbridge Park. Soon Wilkerson gravitated toward the city's 24,000 drug addicts, bringing with him a naively simple solution to their problems: "We don't believe in medical aids, and we don't believe in psychology," says he. "God is the only one who can cure you," he tells addicts.

Helped by 20 volunteer workers

from Evangelical Bible colleges and a \$30,000 mortgage, Wilkerson began his Teen Challenge Center four years ago in an old house on Brooklyn's Clinton Avenue. Through street services and word of mouth, he takes in about 40 junkies a month; more than half of them are Latin American, mainly Puerto Rican. He sets about trying to cure them by abruptly cutting off their drug supplies—a technique known as "cold turkey" that is scorned by most medical experts.

But Wilkerson's serving of cold turkey is unlike anybody else's. He never leaves an addict alone in the throes of withdrawal, helps them pray as they agonize through their first three days without a fix. "Once when I had to kick in jail," says Toni, "I vomited, I had diarrhea, I switched all over. I couldn't eat and I couldn't sleep. When I kicked here, I ached some, but in two days I was eating three meals a day. How can you feel sick where everyone's always saying, 'How do you feel, honey? Can I rub your back for you?'"

**Every Addict a Minister?** Wilkerson concedes that half the addicts who come to him do not stay two weeks, but he also claims that 80% of those who stay are cured. Says he: "All their lives these kids have been looking for the big thrill—that's why they went on dope. I teach them that knowing God is the biggest thrill of all."

Teen Challenge Centers have sprung up in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas and Toronto, and Wilkerson has a work farm for male addicts in Pennsylvania and a home for females in Rhinebeck, N.Y. His board of directors includes Tiffany Board Chairman Walter Howard, Combined Insurance Co. of America President W. Clement Stone. Wilkerson has his critics, among them some of the most eminent narcotics specialists in the U.S. "Sure, he'll cure a few who are motivated by a religious fervor," says Dr. Robert Baird of New York's Haven Clinic. "But what's he going to do—turn every addict in the country into a minister?" Used to such judgments of his work, Wilkerson bristles only at clerical critics. "The church," says he, "has done less to cure drug addicts than anybody else. These kids are tired of 'bless-me clubs': they want a church that's alive and active, not cold and dead."

### MOSLEMS

#### Shrine Renewed

In the early days of Islam, when conquering Arab armies swept across Christian Syria, mosque making consisted of seizing Christian churches, closing their western entrances, opening new doors to the north, and praying facing south across the aisles toward Mecca. A few decades later, Moslem caliphs began to



DOME OF THE ROCK

Glowing like 1,000 Arabian nights.

raise the first authentic mosques, blending Byzantine and Persian architecture, and in 691 A.D. the Caliph of Damascus, Abdul Malik Ibn Marwan, completed the great shrine called the Dome of the Rock.

Over the centuries, the lead-sheathed wooden dome and most of the rest of the structure had to be restored on several occasions, but never in history did it suffer so much as from Israeli mortar fire in 1948. Architects reported that the entire structure had been so weakened by bombardment and the ravages of time that it needed renovation at once, and the Moslem nations set about raising \$2,000,000 for the job. Last week Jordan's King Hussein, 28, surrounded by Moslem and Christian representatives from Arab nations, reopened the shrine, restored as nearly as possible to the way it was during the Middle Ages.

The original mosque, in what is now Jordanian Jerusalem, was built around the rock from which Mohammedan supposedly rode to heaven on horseback in 632 A.D. The architecture was plain: a dome, 72 ft. in diameter, raised on a colonnaded drum to a peak of 116 ft. and set in the center of an octagon. But the decoration was splendid: quartered-marble paneling and glass mosaics on gold backgrounds.

Curved sheets of aluminum bronze alloy have replaced the lead on the dome, thus lightening the load from 200 to a mere 40 tons, and Egyptian and Jordanian architects have added an aluminum staircase inside it. New mosaics, tiles and marble from Italy, Greece, Turkey and Belgium have been set into the walls. The mosque is most resplendent after dark: for the first time, the Dome of the Rock is illuminated like a thousand Arabian nights, with indirect lighting inside and huge spotlights set on the grounds outside.



HENRY GRODSKY

WILKERSON & NARCOTICS VICTIM  
Knowing God is the biggest thrill.

# SPORT

## BASEBALL

### The Nuclear Bomber

Harmon Clayton Killebrew, 28, is 6 ft. tall, weighs a meaty 213 lbs., and keeps very quiet about the whole thing. He won the American League home-run crown with 48 in 1962, did it again last year with 45. But that was nothing. The righthanded slugger already has 39 this summer, is swinging

PETER MARCUS



HOME-RUN LEADER KILLEBREW  
Setting it once and for all.

at a pace that could set a new major league record.

Which record depends. Ever since Commissioner Ford Frick accepted both the home-run marks of Babe Ruth (60 in 154 games) and Roger Maris (61 in 162 games), statistics-crazed fans have been in a quandary. Nobody knows whose pace to follow. Result: the once-consuming pastime of charting the progress of the current slugger has declined. Now Killebrew may settle it once and for all by knocking both records out of the park. At the end of last week he was 7 games ahead of Ruth's pace, and within striking distance of Maris, Killebrew this year is averaging one homer every 9.9 times at bat, compared with Ruth's lifetime average of 11.8. He is leading the slugging Minnesota Twins, who have lofted 177 homers in 111 games, on a pace that will almost surely make them the home-run-hittingest team in the history of baseball.

**Free Swinger.** A house painter's son from Payette, Idaho, Killebrew signed for \$30,000 in 1954, was the first bonus baby in his club's history (the Twins were then the Washington Senators). For five years a combination of unsteady fielding and a zest for bad

itches ("I'm a free swinger") kept him on the bench or in the minors for all but 113 major league games, where a .224 batting average did little to encourage a promotion. But in 1959 the Senators posted a vacancy notice at third base, and Killebrew somehow beat out nine rivals for the job. His batting average did not improve much (.242) and his fielding got worse (led the league in errors), but he also whacked 42 home runs. This tied him with Rocky Colavito for the league home-run title. It also guaranteed him a job. Killebrew has even become an asset on defense. Having wandered to and from every position in the infield, he has finally found a home in leftfield. It is just right for his medium speed, average agility, good hands and reasonable right arm.

Killebrew is so quiet that sportswriters have given up trying to jazz up his image with nicknames like "Killer" or "Hammering Harm." His private life is equally taciturn. At its most dramatic, it would include such events as the day he moved his wife and two children from their home in Payette across the border to Ontario, Ore. The towns are six miles apart.

**Just Hitting.** A successful knee operation last winter indicated that Killebrew was ready for the best season of his life this year. Instead, he lapsed into an inexplicable spring slump, on May 9 took his .167 average and sat down on the bench. Four days later, Manager Sam Mele put a rested Killebrew back on the field. Zot! Bam! Pphoon! In 16 games, Killebrew walloped ten home runs and added almost 100 points to his batting average. His team is still deep in fifth place, but his average is at a peak .300.

Everyone has an explanation. Some say it is because Killebrew no longer lunges as he swings, thus lifting his head and losing sight of the ball. Manager Mele says Killebrew has finally learned to wait and just try to meet outside pitches rather than trying to pull them. The only person without a theory is Honest Harmon. "I'm not swinging any differently, using new bats or doing anything I wasn't doing when I was in the slump," he says. "I'm just hitting."

### Giant-Sized Trouble

With the civil rights issue flaming across the U.S., the story about what Alvin Dark had said was sure to create a furor. Dark, whose talent-loaded Giants were still sputtering along in second place, one game back of the Philadelphia Phillies, sat down in San Francisco to discuss his woes with a visiting sportswriter, Stan Isaacs, columnist for Newsday, a Long Island, N.Y., daily. "We have trouble," Isaacs quoted Dark as saying, "because we have so many Negro and Spanish-speaking ball players on this team. They are just not able to perform up to the white

The Twins have 51 games to break the New York Yankees' major league mark of 240.

ball players when it comes to mental alertness. You can't make most Negro and Spanish players have the pride in their team that you can get from white players." Dark granted that there were exceptions such as Willie Mays, but they were just that—exceptions.

For twelve days, the column lay ticking like a time bomb. Then last week, the Giants moved into New York for a two-game series with the Mets—and Boom!—the story exploded on the sports pages of every New York paper. Rumors seethed through the National League that Giants Owner Horace Stoneham was about to fire Dark for being a racist. Before the first Mets game, 35 newsmen crowded into the visitors' dressing room in Shea Stadium to hear Dark explain himself. "I was definitely misquoted on some things," he said, "and other statements were deformed. If you are going to make such statements, you are either stupid or ready to quit baseball." Newsday's Isaacs stood by his story: "I don't regret anything."

**An End to Pairing.** Whoever was right, Alvin Dark, 42, is neither stupid nor ready to quit baseball. He is a Southerner—Oklahoma-born, Louisiana-educated—and one of the most intensely competitive men anywhere. He was a triple-threat halfback at Louisiana State, a Marine officer in World War II, an outstanding shortstop for the Giants from 1950 to 1956. As Giants manager for the last three years, he has won the National League pennant once (in 1962), finished third twice.

If he is a deep-dyed Southerner, no one has ever before accused him of letting that affect his judgment of baseball players. One of Dark's first acts on taking over the Giants in 1961 was to end the practice of "pairing," by which Negroes and whites were not permitted to share the same locker. He has used as many as seven Negro and Latin American players in a single game's line-up. Negroes and Latin Americans have displaced several established players on the



MANAGER DARK  
Ticking like a bomb.

Giants—Negro Jim Ray Hart for Jim Davenport at third base, Puerto Rican Jose Pagán for Ed Bressoud at shortstop, Dominican Jesus Alou for Harvey Kuenn in rightfield.

**The Frustrations.** But Dark is also a bitter loser, who cannot abide—and cannot keep quiet about—bad base running, missed signals and halfway efforts. This year, with a team that might well have run away from the league, his frustrations have boiled over. He has clashed openly with several players—particularly Puerto Rican First Baseman Orlando Cepeda, who runs the bases as if he were treadling molasses, and Negro Leftfielder Willie McCovey, who is hitting barely over .200 when Dark figures he should be batting .300.

Giant Owner Horace Stoneham seemed to recognize the reasons for Dark's discontent, at week's end broke his silence to give his manager a vote of confidence. The press reports, said Stoneham, were "exaggerated and distorted"; he denied all thought that a "managerial change is contemplated." Nevertheless, Dark has a Grant-sized problem—how to keep some of his best players from thinking that he regards them as inferiors. "It is hard to put out," said Willie McCovey, "if you think he feels that way about you."

## SWIMMING

### Look Out, Tokyo, California's Coming

First the Japanese were the world's top swimmers; then it was the Australians. Now the U.S. rules the pools. In the 1960 Rome Olympics, American men and women splashed off with nine of 15 gold medals. The competition will be tougher in Tokyo this October, but then so will the U.S. In a pre-Olympic test, 380 youngsters turned up last week in Los Altos Hills, Calif., for the national A.A.U. championships. Nine world records and 20 American marks disappeared beneath the bubbles.

The lone outlander among the record breakers was Australia's Murray Rose, a durable veteran of 25, who took time off from his Hollywood acting career to regain the 1,500-meter freestyle record he first held eight years ago. But just about everything else was California's. Or, rather, Santa Clara's. The Santa Clara Swim Club, alma mater of Olympic Queens Chris von Saltza and Lynn Burke, swam away with four of the world records, won 14 of 30 events, and became the first club ever to win both the men's and women's championships.

"**My Property.**" Of course they were this year's host club. But that could hardly account for the performance put on by Don Schollander, 18, a smooth-cheeked broth of a boy who favors gaudy red, white and blue swimsuits and starts like a torpedo out of a tube. In the 400-meter freestyle, he clipped nearly 1 sec. off the world record with a 4-min. 12.7-sec. clocking. Next he



FIVE FOR DE VARONA

stepped up for the 200-meter freestyle—down went the record by nearly 1 sec., to 1 min. 57.6 sec. "I always think of the 200 as my property," said Schollander, then for encores added the 100-meter title and anchored both winning freestyle relays for Santa Clara.

It went on that way for the better part of four days. Schollander's Santa Clara Teammate Dick Roth, 16, knocked almost 2 sec. off the 400-meter individual medley (butterfly, backstroke, breaststroke, freestyle) in 4 min. 48.6 sec., picked up an American record in the 200-meter medley. Santa Clara's girls? Freckle-faced Claudia Kolb, 14, merely won two medals in the 100-meter and 200-meter breaststroke. Then there was Donna de Varona, already an Olympic veteran at 17, who won both individual medleys, besides helping all three winning relays for Santa Clara.

**Whole Flotilla.** On behind the Santa Clara swimmers came a whole flotilla of young water bugs. City of Commerce, Calif.'s Sharon Stouder, 15, matched Schollander's triple by winning the 100-meter freestyle and the 100-meter butterfly, then lowered the world 200-meter butterfly record by almost 3 sec. to 2 min. 26.4 sec. Arizona's Marilyn Ramenofsky, 17, thrashed through the 400-meter freestyle in 4 min. 41.7 sec., breaking Chris von Saltza's listed world record by 2.8 sec.

Next stop for the swimmers is the Olympic trials in Queens, N.Y., later this month. After last week's A.A.U. spectacular, some coaches might be expected to taper off for fear of overtraining. Not Santa Clara's George Haines. "We didn't even attempt to reach our peak," he said. "Our boys and girls will be better for the Olympic trials, and better still for the Olympic games." So back to work it was for his young charges, swatting up and down the pool, practicing twice a day.

## SCOREBOARD

### Who Won

► Britain's John Surtees, 30; the German Grand Prix over the tortuous (172 curves) Nürburgring circuit in the Eifel mountains, in 2 hr. 12 min. 4.8 sec., to average 96.56 m.p.h. and break the record he set last year. Surtees played it cozy for the first few laps, letting the Ferrari into the lead for good and finished 76 sec. ahead of Fellow Briton Graham Hill. Bad luck dogged Scot-



FIVE FOR SCHOLLANDER



AND THREE FOR STOUDER  
Making like water bugs.

land's Jim Clark, the reigning world champion, who failed to finish because of a burned valve. Point standings for the 1964 championship after six races: Hill 32, Clark 30, Surtees 19.

► Speedy Scot: the \$91,381.71 Realization Trot, a 1 1/16-mile stakes event for four-year-olds, at New York's Roosevelt Raceway. Driver Ralph Baldwin maneuvered the 1-to-5 favorite into first place at the half-mile pole, sat back and let him breeze home a length ahead, thus making Speedy Scot the first standardbred to retire the Founder's Plate, awarded to the horse that wins major stakes races at the Roosevelt at two, three and four years of age. ► The Chicago Bears pro football team: the 31st annual College All-Star game, 28-17, before 65,000 fans in Soldier Field, Chicago. The burly National Football League champions were out to restore the pros' pride tarnished in 1963 when the collegians (actually the year's crop of pro rookies) rudely upset the Green Bay Packers. But for the first 30 minutes it looked as if another upset was in the making. With Miami Quarterback George Mira tossing bombs and Arizona State Halfback Charlie Taylor crunching through the line, the All Stars actually led 10-7 at the half. Then the Bears came out of hibernation, scored three quick touchdowns, and it was back to training camp for the All Stars.

# ART



PAINTERS & SCULPTORS IN THE HAMPTON DUNES\*

"If you say to a cocktail party of brokers out here, 'I'm a painter,' they understand."

## ARTISTS

### The Summer Place

There is something about success in art that leads artists to appreciate the kind of surroundings that success on Wall Street leads stockbrokers to appreciate. If in midsummer 1964 it became necessary to page 150 ranking painters and sculptors, the place to go would be the Hamptons on the eastern end of Long Island, an area best known as a golfing, sailing, tennis-playing, tanning and drinking preserve for the rich.

A 40-mile stretch of sea, sand and shore towns, the Hamptons have attracted artists ever since the 1870s, when Winslow Homer went there to paint impressionistic oils of ladies dipping their toes in the surf. Last week the art colony was at its midseason busiest. The oldest colonial, visionary Architect Frederick Kiesler, 67, was at work on a 46-ft. sculpture despite a recent heart attack. Sculptor Constantino Nivola, 53, a swarthy Sardinian who likes to cast concrete abstracts in a huge sand pit on his 40-acre property, was busy making a small sculpture of Kiesler.

An Abundance of Axes. Pop Artist Jim Dine has just bought a house in the area and says he likes the Hamptons for a special reason: the marine and farmers' hardware in local stores. "I've bought more than 20 axes to put in my new assemblages," he reported. "If I'd bought them in Manhattan, the store clerks would have turned me in as an murderer."

The artists of the Hamptons form anything but a school. Alexander Brook still paints tender nudes from life, works in a former stable in the old whaling town of Sag Harbor, and puts around in his Model T and 1935 Rolls-Royce. Realists such as Fairfield Porter, Paul Georges and Moses Soyer live within a short drive of Abstractionists Ludwig Sander, Corrado Marca-Relli and James Brooks. Even New Yorker Cartoonists

Charles Addams and Saul Steinberg find the region warmly inclusive.

A De Kooning House. Architect Gordon Bunshaft, chief designer and partner in Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, has built a small concrete and marble pavilion overlooking an inshore bay, and Edward Durell Stone remodeled a 21-room, grey-shingled elephant on a dome where Jacqueline Kennedy used to play when she was a suburb Bouvier. The Hamptons' most illustrious and most retiring painter, Willem de Kooning, turned architect and built his own house—over and over again. A huge, \$150,000-plus modern mansion with all the daring angularity of De Kooning's art, it has a 30-ft.-high studio and a sauna in the basement, but it is still unfinished after four years of continuous construction, destruction and rebuilding.

Sculptor Ibram Lassaw believes that the merit of the Hamptons for artists is just that "they can find a studio here." Painter Lucia Wilcox, who used to turn fish thrown away by local fishermen into bouillabaisse for Max Ernst, Jean Helion and Fernand Léger when they were war refugees in the Hamptons, says, "I am crazy about the sky. It's like Paris." City Landscapist Jane Wilson likes the change. Moreover, Art lives comfortably with Wealth. Adolf Gottlieb is a neighbor to one of the U.S.'s richest insurancemen. He reports that "if you say to a cocktail party of brokers out here, 'I'm a painter,' they understand. They are interested in art."

\* Among the better-known, left to right: Lee Krasner, cigarette in hand; talking to Lee; Combs Greene in dark shirt; Bulle Johnson, standing in sarape; David Porter, reclining on elbow; James Brooks, in center of cluster, showing profile; Adolf Gottlieb, in white loafers, half hiding Lucia Wilcox and Ibram Lassaw; grinning: John Ferren, pulling pipe; Frederick Kiesler, standing at rear in bow tie; Jane Wilson, in sleeveless dress, turning toward Theodoros Stamos, showing only hair and forehead; Robert Dash, sitting at extreme right.

## PAINTING

### Resurrected Mural

In his old age, Raoul Dufy fretted a great deal over the fate of the painting he considered a masterpiece, the gigantic mural called *The Fairy Electricity*. Shown at the 1937 International Exposition in Paris, it was later cut up into 250 sections and stored in a musty warehouse. Despite Dufy's best efforts, no place could be found big enough to exhibit the mural permanently.

Now, eleven years after Dufy's death, the painting has been reassembled and installed in the great semi-elliptical hall of Paris' Museum of Modern Art, where it has become the major attraction of a mediocre institution. Crowds shuffle back and forth, dazzled by the light bouncing off *The Fairy Electricity's* lacquered surface—for real electricity has not served to light it very well.

Tossed in amidst sprouting red volcanees, traffic lights, an orchestra, lightning, tricolored smoke, tankers, sailboats and quiet pastoral scenes stand 110 greats of the history of science. To make things less bewildering for the literate, Dufy labeled the figures. Originally he painted all of them—Archimedes, who once ran naked through the streets of Syracuse; Thales, Aristotle, Leonardo, Bacon, Galileo, Faraday, Pascal, Morse, Edison, Bell, Helmholtz—in the nude. Then he had extrah from the Comédie Française model period costumes while he dressed up his pantheon.

But is it the masterpiece Dufy thought it to be? Its central focus, a dynamo rendered blueprint-style in all its 1937 grandeur, is sublimely anachronistic; its diversity makes it seem a collage of pages from a sketchbook; its pretentious setting heightens all its weaknesses. Somewhat ambiguously, the museum bills the mural as "the world's largest painting"; viewers go away feeling that they have seen the world's largest hand-painted billboard.

*44* *Georges*  
**MONUMENTAL MURAL** by late Fauvist Painter  
Raoul Dufy has become chief new attraction in  
Paris' Museum of Modern Art. Titled *The Fair*

*Illustration*. The huge (33 ft. by 197 ft.) painting, first commissioned for 1937 Paris fair, glorifies in crystalline colors the industry's pioneers.



■ Report to business from B.F. Goodrich



**Whoosh  
Scrunch  
Kersplash  
Bumpety-bump  
Screeeeeeeeech  
Whump-whump-whump**

**B.F.GOODRICH REPORTS ON TIRE TESTING IN DETROIT.**

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These are torture roads at automotive proving grounds where manufacturers test their cars and everything that goes in them. You'll find all kinds of roads here. All kinds of conditions. Curves. Straightaways. Steep grades. Salt-water splash baths. And specially banked high speed tracks.

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## THE LAW

### TORTS

#### Come Up & Sue Me

Such is the U.S. genius for mass-produced luxury that the average home swimming pool now costs only \$3,849. By year's end, the country will have more than 400,000 of them, a 220% increase since 1959. So enjoy the pool, but keep in touch with a lawyer.

Although specific swimming-pool laws are still rare, chances are that pools come under the local "police power" to regulate public health, safety, morals or welfare. A pool owner may not only have to build a high, strong fence, but he may also pay higher property taxes.



HOME SWIMMING POOL & FENCE  
What the owner needs is a lawyer.

To prevent disease and pressure on local sewers, he may be forced to install a costly pump that recirculates his water every 18 hours. To save town water, he may be required to dig his own well.

**Act of God.** Then come the claimants—for example, the builder. If he runs into "latent defects," such as hidden springs, the builder is entitled to charge more than the contract calls for. If the owner fails to pay on time, the builder may also force public sale of the pool, a move that can conceivably result in the owner's losing his property as well as his pool.

Assuming he escapes that Waterloo, the pool possessor's next problem is a century-old precedent that property owners may be liable for dangerous activity, such as flooding, that takes place on their land and affects adjacent land. The pool owner is exempt only if he can blame a third party or an act of God. Under "nuisance law," which amply covers swimming pools, the neighbors may also sue or enjoin the pool-

ster from all sorts of annoyances—glaring lights, noisy swimmers, noxious chlorine, and bug-breeding stagnant water.

Beyond all that, a pool owner's biggest legal risk is the obvious one that guests or trespassers may be hurt or drowned. Although injuries are frequent, the pool industry claims only 3.7 fatalities a year per 10,000 pools, and suits involving pool-drowned children are still relatively few. Still, the steady proliferation of pools suggests that owners had best beware.

**Attractive Nuisance.** Historically, the law has always relaxed the landowner's duty of reasonable care when an invited

In California, which boasts about one-third of all U.S. pools, *King* and related cases have spurred all sorts of safety devices—not only elaborate fences required by local laws, but also resuscitation kits, "pool-sitter" lifeguards (\$1.25 an hour), and electronic monitors that ring bells when trespassers plunge or fall in. Since a pool cover is probably the best idea, builders now offer a push-button elevator that rises out of the pool bottom until it decks over the pool as a play slab for parties. Unhappily, the gadget costs at least \$1,500. Happily, \$150 or so buys a polyethylene mesh cover that supports 200 lbs.

Not surprisingly, insurance companies increasingly insist that the standard homeowner's liability policy is not enough to cover a pool. The risk rate on more insurance seems low—one company typically charges only \$37.50 a year for a \$100,000 pool liability policy—but well-heeled owners, who may be sued for a packet, are more and more turning to a \$50,000-deductible "umbrella" policy that covers everything from pools to boats for up to \$10 million. For people who throw pool-side parties and fret about the consequences, some companies charge a mere \$250 for a one-night policy covering 100 guests up to \$1,000,000. With that, the whole party can fall in as the carefree host beams: "Come up and sue me."

### CRIMINAL JUSTICE

#### The Press & the Courts

No matter how shocking the charges against him, every American accused of a crime is entitled to a fair trial before twelve unbiased jurors. Yet whatever tactics the defense tries—change of venue, peremptory challenges or cautionary instructions to the jury—all may be futile in a day when mass media confront potential jurors with everything from the murder weapon to the victim's widow. Such "prejudicial reporting" or pretrial press publicity has caused appellate courts to overturn more and more convictions.

There have been many reminders of the kind of reporting the courts condemn. Most recently it was the case of Ohio Osteopath Dr. Sam Sheppard. In freeing him, a federal judge blasted Cleveland newspapers for "trying" Sheppard ("a mockery of justice") with such editorial outbursts as *GET THIS KILLER* (TIME, July 24). For their part, newsmen refuse to surrender the right of the press to alert and inform the public. Though they may err on the side of sensationalism, their job is always to dig out all the facts. The Constitution, after all, guarantees a free press just as firmly as it does due process. The tough problem here, as it frequently is in the law, is to balance both cherished values.

Newsmen argue that defense and prosecution lawyers must share the blame for press abuses. The American Bar Association is ready to concede

that lawyers have much to answer for. Scheduled for passage by the House of Delegates this week at the association's annual convention in Manhattan is a stern new canon of ethics:

"It is the duty of a lawyer engaged either in the prosecution or the defense of a person accused of a crime to refrain from any action which might interfere with the right of either the accused or the prosecuting governmental entity to a fair trial. To that end it is improper and professionally reprehensible for a lawyer so engaged to express to the public or in any manner extra-judicially any opinion or prediction as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, the weight of the evidence against him or the likelihood that he will be either convicted or acquitted."

## Reward from a Robbery Rap

In what may be the year's prize legal oddment, a canny convicted robber has just used Britain's stern libel laws to win a \$45,000 judgment against no less a personage than the detective who sent him to jail eleven years ago.

Alfred George Hinds, universally known as Alfie, was convicted of a \$100,000 safecracking job in 1953, after being arrested by Herbert Sparks, former chief superintendent of Scotland Yard's ace flying squad. Passionately attached to liberty, Alfie tried to shorten his twelve-year sentence by escaping from jail three times, lost 13 appeals to the highest courts in the land. All this moved Sleuth Sparks, when he retired in 1962, to write a series of articles in the London Sunday Pictorial pooh-poohing Alfie's claims of innocence.

Alfie sued Sparks for libel—in effect demanding that Sparks prove that the original conviction was correct. Sparks tried, but a London jury was unconvinced. It found in Alfie's favor thus casting Alfie's robbery rap in doubt. "Now," he says happily, "I shall press for my conviction to be quashed."

PAUL WILSON

At first glance, Alfie seems to be asking too much. The doctrine of *res judicata* (the thing is decided) holds that a fully adjudicated conviction is final. But that doctrine applies only to the original parties—in Alfie's robbery case, that means *the Crown v. Hinds*. The libel suit involved different parties: *Hinds v. Sparks*, and only by coincidence was the robbery the key issue. Since it was the issue, however, Alfie managed to have himself found "innocent" in what laymen at least could view as a retrial. Whether he now deserves a pardon is up to Home Secretary Henry Brooke, who has a rare legal puzzle to solve.

## COURTS

### The Law's Delay

The biggest traffic jam in U.S. courts comes from personal-injury cases, usually growing out of automobile accidents. Such cases now take an average 17.6 months to reach jury trial in the nation's principal courts of general jurisdiction, reports New York University's Institute of Judicial Administration. Although this year's delay is less than last year's (18.7 months), and is actually down to two months in Spokane, Wash., things still look grim in the heavily populated urban areas that handle most of the cases. The country's 13 slowest jurisdictions:

Cook County (Chicago), Ill.	57.6 months
Suffolk County (Long Island), N.Y.	52.6
Kings County (Brooklyn), N.Y.	51.3
Westchester County, N.Y.	51.0
Nassau County (Long Island), N.Y.	48.6
Philadelphia County, Pa.	48.4
Bronx County, N.Y.	44.6
Queens County, N.Y.	42.4
Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), Ohio	37.2
Washington, D.C.	37.0
Fairfield County, Conn.	32.3
Wayne County (Detroit), Mich.	32.0
Suffolk County (Boston), Mass.	32.0

## CIVIL RIGHTS

### Hoss Unhorsed

In St. Augustine, Fla., most of the previously white-only motels and restaurants began serving Negroes as soon as the Civil Rights Act became law. The owners wanted peace; racial violence already had cut the tourist trade by 50%. Yet a few days later, most places were resegregated. An army of white racists, the owners said, had forced them to lock out Negroes once more on pain of assault or worse.

In a precedent-setting case under the new law, St. Augustine Negroes asked U.S. District Judge Bryan Simpson in Jacksonville to order compliance by 15 motels and restaurants in their city. Going to the key issue of enforcement, the plaintiffs sought an injunction against the owners' alleged coercers—a troop of white toughs headed by Hol-

County courts with a variety of names such as superior court, supreme court, circuit court and court of common pleas.



DEFENDANT "HOSS" MANUCY  
A case of law v. pride.

sted ("Hoss") Manucy, a convicted moonshiner of Majorcan descent. Manucy, who runs something called the Ancient City Hunting Club, denies membership in the Ku Klux Klan but calls it "a wonderful organization."

At the trial last week, Judge Simpson let the motel and restaurant owners convict Manucy & Co. The owners told of being picketed by whites carrying such intimidating signs as "Niggers Eat Here. Would You?" Many reported anonymous phone calls: "You're not gonna make it home if you keep serving them." Edy Mussallem of the Caravan Motel said he called everybody from the sheriff to the state police, only to be told that the pickets were doing nothing illegal. With unwitting irony, Tom Xynidis of the Sea Fair Restaurant told Judge Simpson that he was afraid of obeying the law on his own: "If I'm the only one, how can I face my fellow citizens with pride?"

Ordered to take the stand, Hoss Manucy parried one question after another with the same evasive words: "I'm not gonna answer that at this time." Manucy refused to admit not only that he had ever threatened anyone, but also that he even knew his own sons, five of them being his co-defendants. "You don't mean you don't know the people at this time," snapped Judge Simpson, "just that you don't want to answer at this time." Said Manucy meekly: "Yes, Your Honor."

That was enough for Judge Simpson, a Florida aristocrat whose grandfathers fought on both sides in the Civil War. Ordering the restaurant doors opened to Negroes, Simpson enjoined the Manucys and "each member" (about 1,500) of the Ancient City Hunting Club from molesting the owners or Negro customers in any way. James Brock, whose Monson Motor Lodge was set afire, still had a point. For the Civil Rights Act to work in St. Augustine, he testified, "we will need very strong law enforcement for a long time."



HINDS & WIFE  
A rare legal puzzle.

# THE PRESS

## PUBLISHERS

### Little Sam's Big Gift

Though he owns the nation's largest newspaper empire, Samuel I. Newhouse, 69, is often criticized as a crass financier whose only concern is his profit, which has done little to improve the quality of his often mediocre papers. But at Syracuse University last week, Press Lord Newhouse (*TIME* cover, July 27, 1962) drew himself up to his full 5 ft. 3 in., and watched as President John-

Nineteen dailies with a combined circulation of 5,800,000. He also owns Condé Nast (*Mademoiselle*, *Vogue*, *House & Garden*) and five television stations.



DONOR NEWHOUSE

son inaugurated a handsome new building that will testify to Sam Newhouse's concern for quality in the press long after his critics' cries have faded.

After the President explained U.S. actions in Viet Nam (see *THE NATION*), visitors got their first look at the concrete and glass cruciform structure designed by I. M. Pei to be the first of three buildings in Syracuse University's Newhouse Communications Center—a \$15 million gift from Sam. The new building will house the School of Journalism in superbly equipped surroundings. In two experimental underground classrooms, students will answer examination questions by pushing buttons and a computer instantly totes up their scores. Other rooms are set up like regular city rooms, complete with wire-service Teletype machines. Construction will start within a year or so on a radio and TV building and a journalism library. When the entire complex is finished in 1970, said Syracuse University Chancellor William Tolley, the Newhouse gift will have built the world's most modern communications school.

## LIBEL

### Filling in the Blanks

As part of a sensational exposé on British racketeering, London's tabloid Sunday Mirror last month thundered on its front page that Scotland Yard was investigating a homosexual relationship between a peer of the realm and a notorious London gangster. The Sunday Mirror and its weekday sister, the Daily Mirror, which repeated the story, named no names, describing the peer only as "a household word." But upon returning from a vacation, Lord Booth-

by, 64, sometime parliamentary private secretary to Winston Churchill, looked into the Mirrors and in effect screamed: That's me they're talking about!

Lord Boothby, who is divorced from a cousin of former Prime Minister Harold Macmillan's wife, immediately wrote a letter to the *Times* of London denying that he was a homosexual. He sent copies of the letter to the two Mirrors, challenging them to print whatever "shred of evidence" they had against him and "to take the consequences."

Press Lord Cecil King, who publishes the *Daily* and *Sunday Mirrors*, which are two of Britain's largest mass-circulation papers, wasted little time deciding that those consequences might be altogether too unpleasant. To avoid any legal action by Lord Boothby, King admitted that his papers had erred, apologized and paid the peer \$112,000 in damages. Lord Boothby thus won the distinction of becoming the first man in memory who ever named himself as the subject of a damaging printed report and then collected damages.

## MAGAZINES

### Dramatically Different

The "little magazines"—a select and often little-read group of literary periodicals—tend to remain small because they appeal to limited audiences. Yet one of the newer little magazines shows promise of surprising growth. It is the eight-year-old *Tulane Drama Review*, in which Editor Richard Schechner, a Tulane University Ph.D., combines a scholar's skill with the insight and pugnacity of a first-rate journalist. Since taking over two years ago, he has increased the stature of *T.D.R.* enough that the American National Theatre and Academy last month switched its group subscription from *Show Business* to *T.D.R.*. ANTA's 4,800 members will increase the magazine's circulation to nearly 15,000, placing it among the leading literary quartetries. "*T.D.R.*" started off as a valuable magazine," says Yale Drama Professor John Gassner, "now it is indispensable for anyone connected with the theater."

**Hard News.** Schechner has won such praise by putting into his magazine something most literary editors overlook—hard news. When Julian Beck and his wife Judith Malina, the founders of Manhattan's Living Theater, barricaded themselves in their theater to ward off eviction, he interviewed them through a megaphone. He keeps in touch with European theater on both sides of the Curtain. He prints a previously unpublished play in each issue; so far, each of the plays has been produced within a few months of its *T.D.R.* debut. Though Tulane University provides New Orleans office and financial aid, Schechner is free to print what he pleases, depends largely on non-scholarly for his articles. "We are not here," he says "to inflate academic egos." Schechner, who turns out the magazine with



PRESIDENT JOHNSON AT DEDICATION OF SYRACUSE'S JOURNALISM BUILDING  
And a computer shall judge them.



EDITOR SCHECHNER

Aeschylus and Shaw would applaud.

the help of Associate Editor Ted Hoffmann, worked on college newspapers at Cornell and Iowa University, was in Paris writing his doctoral thesis on Ionescu when he was tapped for the *T.D.R.* job.

Schechner has also stirred up interest with his caustically outspoken editorial comments. He delights in dissenting. While critics almost unanimously praised Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, Schechner called it "a classic of bad taste." He attacks plays that promote what he calls "morbidity and sexual perversity which are only there to titillate an impotent and homosexual theater and audience." He denounces Broadway as "commodity theater," and crusades for a quickening of local professional and university theaters, where, he believes, the true future of American theater lies. When just about everyone else was doing stories on Shakespeare, Schechner did a special issue on Marlowe.

**Running Rebutals.** Although Schechner states his case with an almost beligerent finality, he is not at all averse to inviting an adversary to write a rebuttal that he runs directly after his own piece. The result, says Historian Jacques Barzun, "takes the theater out of the realm of mere grease paint and glamor and into that of ideas and feeling. Aeschylus and Shaw would applaud, and I do too."

#### NEWSPAPERS

##### Headline of the Week

REPORT HEAVY IS GIVEN HO

In New York City's Daily News above a story on the rumor that Ho Chi Minh had been replaced as President of North Viet Nam.

TIME, AUGUST 14, 1964

## THE THEATER

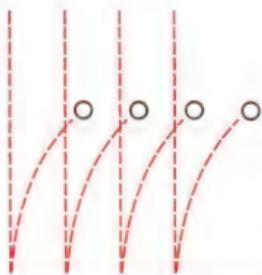
### A Trick But Not a Treat

*Laterna Magika* is a marriage of drama, music and movies, and it develops both the hoopla and the problems of the *menuet à trois*. Invented by two clever Czechs named Alfred and Emil Radok, *Laterna Magika* is presented on a split-level stage surrounded and intersected by movie screens: wide screens, narrow screens, square screens, round screens—one, two, five, ten, thirteen screens illuminated by three projectors projecting several pictures at the same time and the whole gazingstock accompanied by a skull-splitting roar of stereophonic sound.

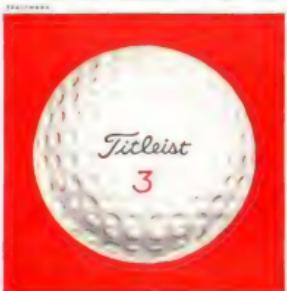
Last week after a six-year run in Prague and several tours of Europe, *Laterna Magika* arrived for a six-week stand in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall. On opening night a full and fashionable house sat still for a 2-hour show that started with a swift skid through schmaltz (a 90-minute medley of scenes from Jacques Offenbach's romantic opera, *Tales of Hoffmann*) and finished with a swift skip through the silly side of the medium (a hilarious short subject in which the actors in one movie wander accidentally into another).

As a *tour de technique*, the show is fascinating. Sometimes an actor shows up on the stage, sometimes on one of the screens. Once, when the hero tries to find him, the villain darts elusively from one screen to another. Sometimes the live actors slip behind the main screen, which is transparent, and appear to play parts in the picture. The actors in the picture meanwhile play parts on the stage. When the live actors sing at them, they sing back. Sometimes the same figure sings from three screens at once. Sometimes each screen is a different color. Sometimes all are black and white. Sometimes the negatives are reversed. Sometimes the images on the screen and the scenes onstage are split and scattered in a maze of mirrors till illusion and reality dissolve in shimmering similitude.

All this is fun, and it snowed some European critics. But to American audiences, sated with TV spectacles and such, *Laterna Magika* is scarcely *magika*. Its taste is dated and decadent. The spectator sees with sad surprise that *Hoffmann's* masks and mirrors, carriages and candelabra are no longer considered art by the Party. What's more, the show attempts too many things at once and too few of them really fit together. The actors on the screen, for instance, continually steal scenes from the actors on the stage—they are bigger, brighter, louder. As a result, the spectator is continually aware that he is watching a trick, an immensely intricate trick that doesn't quite come off. Even if it did come off, *Laterna Magika* would still be a trick and not a treat. It is illegitimate theater.



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### Lunar Laboratory

Boeing has conducted company studies that theoretically put four men on the moon for 99 days, headquartered in structure above. Boeing holds NASA contract to study supply and support of a moon expedition, including design of vehicle for exploration of the moon's surface.



### Lunar Orbiters

Boeing is building eight lunar orbiters for NASA, three for ground test, five for flight. Launched from Cape Kennedy, they will orbit the moon, take and transmit close-up photographs of the lunar surface and measure the density of micrometeoroids and radiation.



### Moon Surface Studies

Boeing researchers are carrying out moon mapping and surface temperature studies. And as part of a NASA Lunar Base study, Boeing is evaluating radio communication techniques for use between lunar bases, transmission of TV data and effects of lunar climate on electronic equipment.



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# MODERN LIVING

## TRAVEL

### A Foreign Country

This summer as never before, Americans are realizing that to most of the world's population the U.S. is "abroad," a strange land for tourists to goggle at, write home about, and exclaim over in their incomprehensible tongues. In 1964 more than 300,000 Frenchmen, Germans, English, Italians, Russians and Japanese—not counting students, government officials, 5,000,000 Canadians and 260,000 Mexicans—are expected to visit the U.S. This amounts to an increase of 31,491 over the influx last year and about a 77% gain over 1960. "The U.S. vacation," says a London travel agent, "is the thing in town."

There is still a formidable gap in the balance of travel: U.S. tourists spent \$2 billion overseas last year, while foreign visitors will spend \$375 million in the U.S. in 1964. But Americans are quickly getting the hang of catering to the tourist from abroad. So is the fledgling Government Tourist Agency, which spends \$2,600,000 a year to plug the New World in ads and pamphlets, and has striven heroically to dispel the general impression that a trip to the U.S. is only for the rich. Even with generally unfavorable currency exchange rates, Europeans are astonished to find such travel bargains as the \$99 bus ticket that will take a traveler as far as he wishes on any line for one month, an airplane ticket that will do the same on 15 local feeder lines for either \$100 (15 days) or \$200 (45).

**Distances & Delights.** Chief problem for Europeans is the language barrier. The Japanese don't expect to communicate in anything but English, but most

Continents can get along in at least one other language besides their own, and it comes as a shock to find the Americans so relentlessly monolingual. The cash value of tourism, though, is bound to engender more linguistic proficiency. In only a year's time, New York City's Newtown Commuting Corp. has built up a booming hired-car service around the idea of having polyglot chauffeurs, who pick up foreigners at the airport and stick with them for the duration of their stay in the city (Newtown can handle nine languages, so far). Manhattan's Gray Line sightseeing buses now offer trips in Spanish, German, French and Japanese.

Another rude awakening for transatlantic visitors is America's sheer size. French travel agents have learned to make a point of telling their clients that the U.S. is 171 times bigger than France, but still they are repeatedly disappointed to learn that a morning is not enough to visit the Grand Canyon from Denver or that a horseback ride across Arizona would be no fun at all. The singular English are forever making appointments for lunch in Boston to be followed by dinner in Phoenix and then wondering what all the rush is about.

Pleasant surprise is Americans' easygoing friendliness and hospitality amid all the busy-busy activity. "New Yorkers," wrote Shirley Conran in the London Observer, "have the unself-conscious joie de vivre of the French without being nearly so rude." Warned in advance that Manhattan cab drivers are a surly lot, a pair of visiting secretaries from London were converted within minutes of arrival by an airport hackie who insisted on treating them to a free tour of Manhattan, complete with running commentary. Industrialist George Monroy from Arques, France, stopped recently to stare in admiration

at a farm in California and was overwhelmed when the farmer drove up and spent two hours showing him around. "This pleasant man," he marveled, "then took us to his house and offered us good Scotch!"

**The Spot for Kissing.** U.S. food is also likely to be a not unpleasant surprise—especially to French and Italian tourists, who come prepared to sicken or starve on a diet of greasy hamburgers and limp French fries. Not that they wax ecstatic. "It's a shock at first," runs the typical reaction, "but you can get used to it." The attractions they talk about most, however, are the superhighways and the coin-laundries, the toilet paper and the free soap, department stores, motels, and skyscraper hotels, and the simply operated, static-free telephones, over which human speech can actually be understood.

About 34% of the Europeans who have been discovering America this year have been English, 18% German, 6% Italian, 10% French. Notwithstanding Charles de Gaulle's supercilious view of the U.S., 19.5% more French this year than last, and 77.2% more than in the first half of 1961, have come to see for themselves. The venerable Paris publishing house of Hachette has just included a guide to New York in its famed *Guides Bleus* series, which notes, among other weightier matters, that:

- There are no *pissoirs* on the streets, in deference to U.S. sensibilities, and such facilities as there are are often deliberately camouflaged behind doors bearing cute euphemisms such as Romeo and Juliet.

► It would take a foreigner ten years to grasp the rules of baseball: "If a ball hit into the stands kills someone, the vic-



PIPER-CUBING ACROSS THE U.S.

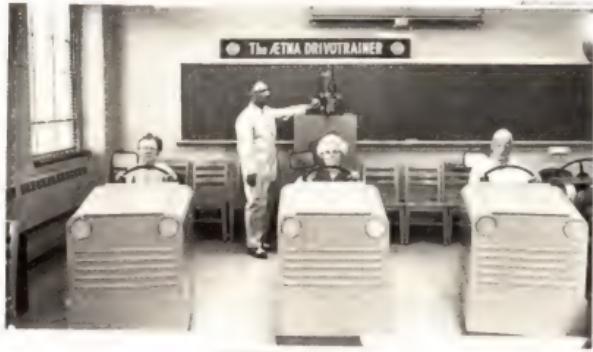
Where the natives speak English, give away soap and go to the Romeo.



CASING WORLD'S FAIR



RUBBERNECKING IN CHICAGO



PROFESSOR LOFT & PUPILS

*Most gain confidence from learning their limitations.*

tim will be well pleased. There isn't a pleasanter death in America."

► The Empire State Building's observation roof is one of the best spots in the world for kissing.

## THE HIGHWAY

### The Elderly Driver

If teen-agers are dangerous drivers, so are their grandparents. And the remedy may well be the same for both: education. So thinks Bernard I. Loft, 49, associate professor of health and safety at Indiana University, who last week wound up a pilot project in geriatric driver training that may go a long way toward proving his point.

**Back to School.** High school courses in driving and traffic have been a solid success, argues Loft: boys and girls who have taken them are involved in 50% fewer violations and accidents than those who have not. "With teen-agers," he says, "the biggest problem is attitude, lack of maturity and judgment, not skill. But with senior citizens, maturity, judgment and attitude for the most part are extremely good. They need help in developing confidence, and they have to be taught their weaknesses and how to compensate for them."

Last month Loft began a training program for 14 women and five men between the ages of 56 and 75 who volunteered in response to a newspaper story. Each trainee received two 45-minute periods of driving instruction per week with a graduate student in Professor Loft's department, as well as a two-hour classroom session. The first classroom session was devoted to tests of visual acuity, including distance judgment, reaction time, ability to distinguish colors, see in the dark and recover from headlight glare. The remaining classroom sessions included handling the buttons and levers, everyday driving maneuvers, good practices in traffic, on freeways and under bad conditions. When the program has been evaluated, Loft plans to invite all Indiana high

school driving teachers to one-day seminars on the plan, so that they can initiate similar driving education for old people in their own communities. "I expect this idea to spread," he says.

**Lock the Doors.** Graduates of Loft's first course seemed to feel that their time was well spent. Miss Elizabeth Means, 75, has been driving since 1923, but after all these years says that "locking worried me. Now I feel I have the right technique." And Henry C. Gray, 69, a retired mechanical engineer, who estimates that he has driven about 400,000 miles, discovered that his night vision is poor and he should do as little night driving as possible.

Gray doesn't buy all his instructor's recommendations, though—such as the practice of keeping the car's doors locked while driving, both to avoid being thrown out in case of an accident and to prevent anyone from getting into the car while it is stopped at a traffic light. "In the past I haven't felt the necessity of locking the doors," he says, "and I doubt that I'm going to change my ways in the future. Another thing they recommend is that you hold the steering wheel at ten and two o'clock. Well, the spokes on my Rambler's wheel are at four and eight o'clock, and it's going to be hard not to catch them right there—for normal driving, at least."

## THE ZOO

### Fifi Si! Bobo? No!

All of Seattle is distressed about Bobo. He is the 560-lb. star of Woodland Park zoo, just turned 13, in the prime of life. He is one of the handsomest, healthiest gorillas in captivity. But Bobo has a problem: he doesn't like girl gorillas.

Eight years ago, Seattle was so proud that everyone from schoolchildren to tycoons chipped in to raise \$4,000 to buy him a suitable bride. They settled for a dainty (350 lbs.) midget aged 11) enchanteress, whose

main aim in life is to reproduce. Bobo will hardly look at her.

It's not that he's run-down. Each day Bobo gets a massive dose of vitamin E, swigs pure wheat-germ oil, eight raw egg yolks, a jigger of thiamine and a 20-mg. jolt of male hormones. Each day also brings more letters, aphrodisiac recipes and snide phone calls from citizens who don't like what Bobo is doing to their city's image. Many Seattleites volunteer remedies: "Send Fifi away on a separate vacation," wrote one woman. "It works for me every time. Bobo will love her when she comes back." A man who lives on Puget Sound is so enthusiastic about his own regeneration that he has offered to gather and deliver fresh oysters daily. Zoo Director Frank Vincenzi thinks that a pornographic movie might give Bobo some ideas. Trouble is, no blue film ever made was aimed at the genuine simian market. Fifi needs no such jogging. On the contrary. Her lonely desperation has driven her to amorous lengths that are enough to make a gorilla blush.

Woodland Park authorities think that Bobo's trouble may arise from an overprotected childhood. He was brought up by a couple like a human baby. He slept in a ribboned bassinet, ate in a high chair, sat on a potty, played pat-a-cake, and wore little-boy suits. When he became too obstreperous and was sold to the zoo at the age of 21, he was so miserable with his clothes off, and so afraid of the other animals, that his foster mother came and slept in a cot by his side every night for three weeks.

Dr. Kenneth Binkley, the zoo veterinarian, is pessimistic. His diagnosis: "Single male primates raised from birth in human homes are highly neurotic. Bobo has human inhibitions—he simply will not make an exhibition of himself in public."



SEATTLE'S RELUCTANT & BRIDE (REAR)  
*Some gentlemen just don't.*

# MEDICINE

## INFECTIOUS DISEASES

### Preventing the Incurable

So far as man and his domesticated animals are concerned, rabies is under control in the U.S. Last year only one person died of the disease—one-tenth of the toll ten years ago. The death rate among dogs is down by the same percentage; the rate among cats and farm animals has been halved in the past decade. Yet rabies is still so serious a problem that each year at least 30,000 Americans who have been bitten take the 14-day series of vaccinee injections. Last week the U.S. Public Health Service assembled its top virologists and epidemiologists, along with state and city veterinarians and teachers of preventive medicine, to bring one another up to date.

Why does rabies still loom so menacingly? Among wild animals it is increasing fast enough to raise the nation's overall total of cases steadily. A persistent mystery is just how the virus survives: since it invariably kills its victim, at least among the higher animals, it might be expected to die with him. But it may have another reservoir somewhere. Opossums and bats seem to have some tolerance for the virus. Rabies is spreading where opossums are spreading, and it is spreading among bats.

The ironic reason that so much remains to be learned about rabies, says Dr. Robert G. Scholtens of the PHF's Communicable Disease Center, is that Pasteur produced an apparently workable vaccine so fast. His success in 1885 stifled medical interest in investigation of the disease.

**Rabbits & Duck Eggs.** Pasteur's and later rabies vaccines are unique in being given after the victim has been infected. This is because the disease has an amazingly variable incubation period—from ten days to eight months in both man and dog. An infected animal is not literally "rabid" or dangerous until ten days before its inevitable death. If a rabid dog bites a child in the arm or leg, the virus will stay localized for weeks before it attacks his central nervous system. Doctors usually start daily injections of vaccine into abdominal muscle without delay. If the animal has been captured and is still alive and normal after ten days, its saliva was not infectious, and the injections are stopped. If the animal dies, all 14 injections are given. Although the long series of uncomfortable injections often turns out to have been an unnecessary precaution, it is better than living in an agony of doubt about the threat of an agonizing death.

Until recently all rabies vaccine was made much as Pasteur made it: by injecting the virus into the brains of rabbits. The vaccine that was later extracted contained rabbit-brain protein,

and it was likely to set up painful local reactions. In some cases it caused paralysis or death. In 1957, Eli Lilly & Co. began marketing a vaccine made in fertilized duck eggs. Only the occasional person who is allergic to eggs will get a bad reaction from it. For dogs, a preventive vaccine made from live, though weakened, virus has proved effective. But it has been considered too risky for man.

Last week the C.D.C.'s Dr. Ernest Tierkel, known in the trade as "Mr. Rabies," reported promising results in tests with pre-exposure vaccination for people who run special risks—veter-

EULYEN PICTURES



EARLY RABIES VACCINATION (1885)

A victim of success.

inarians, dog handlers and wildlife rangers. This protection program, Dr. Tierkel suggested, may be just the ticket for Peace Corps workers and other people going into areas where rabies is endemic, especially in Central and South America, home of the vampire bat.

**Human-to-Human Serum.** Dr. Tierkel also had good news for people who may be bitten by suspected rabid animals around the head and neck—from which the virus may reach the central nervous system before abdominal injections have time to build up protective antibody. Since 1954, these victims have been injected with antirabies serum from horses. This gives only short-lived, "passive" immunity, but it works fast. The trouble is that horse serum is almost as dangerous as the rabid-brain product. Now, said Dr. Tierkel, veterinarians and others who have had a full course of vaccinations are being asked to take a booster shot of duck-egg vaccine. A month later, they donate a pint of blood. The gamma globulin fraction from the serum in these blood samples is rich in rabies antibody, and because it is from human serum it should cause no bad reactions.

Standing at left: Louis Pasteur

### Recruits' Meningitis

Even as the 25,000 soldiers in the mammoth maze of barracks at California's Fort Ord were being trained for action against an enemy that might be as distant as Viet Nam, they were already engaged in mortal combat with an insidious and invisible invader right in their midst. Spinal meningitis has struck down 59 trainees this year and killed nine of them.

In an all-out effort to halt the epidemic, 3,000 of the soldiers are under drastic quarantine. These are the men who have been on Fort Ord's 29,000 acres of hills and wind-blown sand dunes for less than eight weeks. For reasons that still have medical researchers baffled, only the rawest recruits seem subject to the disease. After a man has spent two months on the post, he apparently develops immunity, and cases among the permanent party are virtually unknown.

**How Does It Spread?** Fort Ord, on the Monterey peninsula, reported the first cases of its current meningitis epidemic in January. Colonel Rolland Sigafos, the base medical officer, was not taken by surprise. There are epidemics every few years in big camps: the Navy had had one only last year at San Diego (TIME, March 22, 1963). Sometimes, daily doses of sulfadiazine are a good preventive, but the meningococcus germs storming Fort Ord were of a type resistant to sulfas.

More cases appeared in scattered barracks. As usual, the medics could not trace the path by which infection spread. Thousands of recruits had meningococci in their throats, but did not get sick. There was no way to predict which few men would develop a life-threatening infection that would race through the bloodstream and attack their meninges—the covering of the brain and spinal cord.

Worst of all, there was no way to halt the fatal process in the rare fulminating or explosive cases in which a man who seemed to have nothing more than a headache in midafternoon was dead by nightfall. Last week Private Michael Sandstrom, 19, from Sylmar, Calif., died within two hours of admission to the post hospital.

**Small Compensations.** After this ninth fatal case, Major General Edwin H. J. Carns tightened the quarantine still more. The men had been confined to the camp for a month. Now the new recruits are confined to their own company areas, even for Sunday services, in units of only 240 men. They are banned from post exchanges, movies, the beer hall. The usually rugged physical training has been softened to cut down fatigue. And a man who complains of the slightest sniffle or headache can be sure he will be rushed to the dispensary. There are none of the usual top kick's sneers about goldbricking: the command and the medics are taking no chances.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Geraldine Gleason, 25, elder daughter of TV's indestructible Fat Man, and John Chutok, 26, Manhattan talent agent: their first child, a son; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Flannery O'Connor, 39, authoress of the Deep South, an impassioned Roman Catholic from the Georgia backwoods who, in 30 short stories and two critically acclaimed novels (*Wise Blood*, *The Violent Bear It Away*), explored the South's religious curiosities, finding among them such an appalling collection of lunatic prophets and murderous fanatics that one critic called her "a literary white witch," and she herself said, "I write from 9 to 12, and spend the rest of the day recuperating"; of lupus erythematosus (a rare tissue disease); in Milledgeville, Ga.

**Died.** Kathryn Messner, 61, Manhattan book publisher, who in 1955 accepted a manuscript that five other publishers had rejected, spent a year editing and toning down its lurid, sex-studded account of small-town U.S. life, saw the gamble pay off as *Grace Metalious' Peyton Place* sold over 300,000 copies of her hardback edition and later brought in handsome royalties from 8,000,000 paperback sales; after a long illness; in West Long Branch, N.J.

**Died.** Aleksander Zawadzki, 64, President of Poland, a one-time coal miner who joined the Communist underground in 1923, served the cause with such ardor that Moscow made him a general during World War II, then in 1952 eased him upstairs to become Chairman of the Council of State, a sinecure that relegated him to laying cornerstones and delivering speeches; of cancer; in Warsaw.

**Died.** Sir Cedric Hardwicke, 71, British character actor and comedian, who so delighted London as George Bernard Shaw's favorite lead (*Heartbreak House*, *The Apple Cart*) that he was knighted in 1934, after which he crossed the Atlantic to keep them chuckling on Broadway (30 productions) and in the movie houses as one of Hollywood's Typical Britshers, bald pate, frosty visage, deadpan drollery and all; of emphysema; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Mary Josephine Fitzgerald, 98, widow of Boston's lame Mayor "Honey Fitz" and maternal grandmother of John F. Kennedy, who watched on TV as J.F.K. took the presidential oath on her Bible and as Grandson Ted beat out George Lodge to become U.S. Senator (thereby avenging Honey Fitz's 1916 defeat by George's great-grandfather), but was never permitted to see or hear anything about the assassination—though the family "had a hunch she knew"; in Boston.



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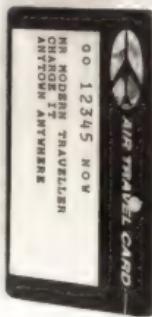
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## How Agena put Ranger VII through the "Tunnel to the Moon"



After being launched,  
second-stage Agena fires to  
attain precise earth orbit.



Agena fires again  
to put Ranger VII  
on course to the moon.



On command from earth,  
Ranger VII makes final course corrections to impact  
the moon at target point.

First, the blast-off at 12:50 pm EDT July 28 - when Agena and its payload, Ranger VII, were rocketed into orbit 115 miles above the earth. Then Agena was commanded to execute the critical second phase: restart its engine, increase its speed to escape velocity (more than 24,000 mph), and score a huff's-eye on an imaginary, curving "tunnel," 10 miles in diameter and 75,000 miles long, representing the exact trajectory required for a successful moon shot.

Such precision is nothing new for Agena, the dependable space vehicle designed, developed, and built by Lockheed. In more than 130 launches to date for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and the U.S. Air Force, Agena has proved its reliability - so much so that it has become a standard,

production-line, second-stage booster and satellite specified for a variety of aerospace missions.

What's ahead for the Agena? More history-making flights—including rendezvous with NASA's two-man Gemini capsule. Here again, Agena's power and precision will help add another chapter to man's conquest of outer space. *Lockheed Missiles & Space Company, Sunnyvale, California. A Group Division of Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.*

**LOCKHEED**

# U.S. BUSINESS

## THE ECONOMY

### Price Vigilance

The U.S. has come to expect higher prices as the cost of better times. The remarkable thing about the current advance is that prices have so far stayed relatively level, and that inflation has remained a bogeyman instead of a jinxing presence. Nonetheless, the nation's economists are increasingly concerned about the possibility of broad upward price movements. That concern has been reinforced lately by rumblings from steel executives about the need for price rises and by signs that the United Auto Workers are determined to win a substantial settlement from the profit-heavy auto companies.

**Not Ominous.** For the price watchers, there have already been a few disturbing signs. In its latest survey, the National Association of Purchasing Agents found more prices going up than down. The prices of such basic metals as aluminum, copper and tin have risen. Scrap steel, electric motors and corrugated paper cartons are all more expensive now than a few months ago. Last week the major U.S. tire companies agreed that there should be an increase in the price of replacement tires—perhaps by 3%—to cover wage and benefit hikes won by workers.

For all that, the price increases have been scattered and without any ominous pattern. Some industries, such as chemicals, have had to rescind price increases because the market would not bear them. Though increases outnumber decreases, there have also been numerous price declines, for example in fuel, lumber, industrial pumps, electrical circuits, color TV sets. The wholesale price index, though an imperfect indicator, has stayed flat for many months. The more sensitive index developed by the National Bureau of Economic Research has been rising, and the consumer price index has been rising steadily too—but at a pace that economists consider normal. For the present, no serious inflationary spiral is in sight. Last week President Johnson expressed his opposition in strong terms to any broad steel price increase. Said he: "If you had a price increase, it would strongly conflict with our national interest in price stability. We think that stability is essential to sustain a strong expansion in jobs and output and to sustain improvement in our balance of payments."

**Natural Forces.** Even if the steel companies do announce price hikes, they will probably not be across-the-board but limited and selective increases on such products as plate steel, demand for which is so great that delivery time has risen to 14 weeks. The auto unions are likely to settle for a package between the 3.2% ceiling requested by the Administration and the

4.9% increase in the industry's productivity. No other really big industry negotiations come up until mid-1965. Last week's announcement that unemployment has dropped below 5% for the first time in 54 months—to 4.9%—should generally improve labor's mood.

None of this is apt to stop economists from worrying about inflation, even though natural market forces are also working to keep prices in line. U.S. factories are still operating at 83% of capacity, which rules out pressures for price increases from over-demand. Industry has either been able to absorb its costs through higher efficiency, or else—as in the case of the battle for the fuel market among oil, coal and gas

is caught in the kind of competition that produces price cuts. Besides, prosperous consumers tend to trade up to the better models that produce more money for manufacturers and thus reduce the need for price increases.

## WALL STREET

### A Case of Nerves

If the nation met the crisis in Southeast Asia with considerable calm, the same could not be said of Wall Street. The Dow-Jones averages paused on Monday after the first North Vietnamese PT boat attack on U.S. ships, plunged 73 points Tuesday after news of the second attack, rallied on Wednesday for a fractional gain. Then on Thursday, as rumors spread of possible Red Chinese involvement, the market tumbled 9.65 points—to 823.40—in the sharpest one-day break since President

Kennedy's assassination. The week's total decline, after a 53-point rally at week's end: 12 points, to 829.16. It was Wall Street's classic way of ducking distant gunfire.

The little investor was doing much of the selling, and the tape ran late nine times during the week, once for 16 minutes. But there was no panic, and trading volume stayed extraordinarily low for most of the week. Professionals figured that, in any case, the market needed an excuse to retreat after a heady climb, guessed that there was a good deal of plain old profit taking. At the most bearish hour last week, *Indicator Digest*, an investment advisory service, issued a special bulletin: "Emotional war jitters have always culminated in good buying opportunities." True enough, but wary professionals were not entirely sure that the jitters were quite over.

## AUTOS

### Cloak & Camera in Detroit

As the auto industry last week began producing the first 1965 cars, many potential customers speculated about the features that are expected to make for the most dramatically changed models in years. There will be a futuristic fast-back shape for the Buick-Oldsmobile-Pontiac line; a switch of seven models to vertical double headlights; the Ford's and Chrysler's new slab sides; a pop-up rear fender for the Chevrolet; and a new shape for the Corvair that makes it look like a miniature version of the Buick Riviera. These details, however,



SPY'S VANTAGE POINT OVERLOOKING GENERAL MOTORS' FENCED-IN TEST TRACK  
Finding out what to do and what not to do.

are ancient history to a small group of men who are already displaying considerable interest in the looks and features of Detroit's 1967 models.

Ford calls them "product information specialists" and Chrysler "competitive study engineers." In Detroit, their trade is often known as "G-2" or "G-4." Whatever their title, they are men employed by each automaker to ferret out the secrets of the others—auto spies. Though the industry officially declines to recognize its existence, espionage is an ever-present fact of life that goes on at all levels in Detroit, from treetops overlooking test tracks to the steam room and bars at the Detroit Athletic Club. The hunting season usually begins a couple of model-years in advance, when the cars of the future are barely off the drawing boards.

**Comfortable Spying.** "G-2" enables companies to discover what their rivals are doing with styling and engineering trends, thus prevents them from moving too far behind the industry or—what some executives fear even more—so far out that the public will reject their models. Intelligence is also invaluable for marketing and advertising campaigns, which are planned months in advance and can frequently make use of information to pinpoint weaknesses in another company's new line. The right kind of intelligence, on the other hand, can also save companies the embarrassment of duplicating too closely the styling of a competitor. "You need this kind of information," says retired Ford Styling Chief George Walker, "so you know what not to do."

Detroit's operatives keep in constant touch with key informants in such sensitive and hard-to-patrol areas as the tool and die shops, design firms, plaster shops, tire companies and art studios that subcontract for the auto industry. Here they can often pick up information that skilled engineers and product planners can assemble into a faithful replica of a rival's new car. Ford, for example, was able to construct a clay model of General Motors' Chevelle nearly a year before its introduction. Most agents do their work so quietly that only a handful of men in each division or company knows who they are.

**Locked Wastebaskets.** But there are also more glamorous elements in much of Detroit's industrial espionage. Spies equipped with telescopic cameras seek out strategically placed trees, farmhouses and hills near automobile test tracks, concealing themselves and sometimes waiting for weeks for a prototype of a rival's car. Both G.M. and Chrysler men often check into Ford's Dearborn Inn, which overlooks the Dearborn test track, bringing luggage crammed with cameras and telescopic lenses. When G.M. learned that snoops were using a modest farmhouse overlooking its high-security proving ground in Michigan's Livingston County, it persuaded the farmer to sell out for \$55,000, then razed the house.

To guard against espionage, auto

companies plant thick rows of pine trees near their tracks, build corrugated steel walls and throw up 20-ft. earthen embankments to shield exposed parts of the track. Guards patrol the periphery of proving grounds, armed with two-way radios, binoculars, whistles—and sometimes even saws, which they use to threaten photographers discovered in trees. Ford employs an ex-FBI agent to head its styling security force, and most firms even use security-type wastebaskets with locks. Styling personnel usually wear colored Pentagon-type badges that give them access to only one section; clay models are destroyed after use.

To confuse the intelligence men, companies make elaborate decoys that will never be produced in volume, have them driven endlessly around tracks. Actual prototypes are usually painted ink-black before being taken to the test track, since the color considerably limits depth perception in long-range photography. Despite all precautions, though, the men with cloak and camera prove remarkably resourceful. Inspecting some 1965 models last year in the tightly guarded styling patio at the G.M. Technical Center, Elliott ("Pete") Estes, Pontiac's general manager, heard a whirring sound. He looked up just as a helicopter swooped over the building, with telescopic lens pointed earthward. Estes waved his arms for maintenance men to cover the new models with canvas sheets, which were kept in readiness for just such an "air raid." But it was too late: his unknown rival got a lensful of future Pontiacs.

## CORPORATIONS

### "Poor Man's IBM"

"If a guy owns 80% of the railroad tracks in a country and you want to run a train, you make your wheels fit his track," So says an executive of a firm that has prospered by learning that simple lesson well: Minneapolis' Control Data Corp., a maker of computers. The track owner of the computer busi-

ness is mighty IBM, which routinely scoops up 70% of the world's computer orders. By making all its equipment so that it meshes with IBM's systems—and trying to make it better and cheaper—once-tiny Control Data has risen to third place in computers (after Sperry Rand) and is jokingly known on Wall Street as "the poor man's IBM."

**Targeting Missiles.** That is the only joke on the Street about Control Data, whose fast growth and aggressive stance have made it a favorite glamour stock. Last month the firm made a 3-for-2 stock split, the second in its seven-year history, and announced that new orders for June, the latest month calculated, reached a record \$61 million. Needing space for its lusty growth, which boosted sales to \$100 million last year, Control Data last week settled into a new three-building headquarters in suburban Minneapolis, which replaces the converted paper warehouse in which it has operated since its founding. "Our people were running scared when they started this company," says shy, slight President William C. Norris, 54. "Now they're scared millionaires."

Not that there is anything to be scared of. Control Data's success is due to the shrewd marketing strategy and careful planning program worked out by the eleven Sperry Rand engineers—led by Norris—who founded the firm in 1957 after tiring of life in a big corporation. Realizing that they could not compete directly with the giants, they concentrated on scientific computers, where IBM was weakest, instead of on business data-processing equipment, where it was strongest. They made all their machines compatible with IBM systems at a time when most other computer firms were setting up their own systems; since then, many firms have followed the example of Norris & Co. Because of its specialization, careful planning and tight control of inventories, the company sells some equipment for 10% to 20% less than IBM, claims that its computers are 98% efficient v. 90% for most computers. No customer has



CONTROL DATA'S NORRIS IN TESTING ROOM  
Running like scared millionaires.

been more impressed than the U.S. Government, whose business accounts for 75% of Control Data's output: it has installed Control Data computers on submarines to target in Polaris missiles.

**More Plans than Money.** Control Data's latest computer is its complicated 6600, which can execute 3,000,000 orders per second, is being installed in the AFC's Livermore, Calif., lab. Cost: \$7,000,000. But the firm is gradually moving beyond purely scientific computers. Its most popular model is its high-speed 3600, a machine that averages \$3,000,000 in price, is designed for data processing as well as for scientific problems. The 3600 will be used, for example, by West Germany to forecast weather, by Sears Roebuck to coordinate orders from 1,400 offices, and by France's I. du Pont & Co. to receive and channel stock orders to specialists.

Control Data has acquired twelve small companies or divisions as their products or systems were needed, has also expanded to Canada and Australia, and to Europe, where the market for computers is growing twice as fast as in the U.S. But despite its spectacular growth, the firm tries to maintain the stimulating atmosphere that its founders sought. Ideas bubble up from below with such frequency, says Norris, that "there are usually more plans than we can afford to finance." In an industry overshadowed by one huge competitor, Control Data claims to be the only firm other than IBM to be making money on its computers.

## TRANSPORTATION

### The Invisible Network: A Revolution Underground

A huge new transportation system—outfranking rails and airlines—is spreading across the U.S. in a spaghetti-like maze. Nearly a million miles long, it is almost completely invisible, carries no passengers, is deterred neither by rivers nor mountains. It is the nation's rapidly growing network of oil, gas and product pipelines, which now extends into all of the 49 continental states. Last week the biggest product pipeline of them all, built by Atlanta's Colonial Pipeline Co., slowly threaded its 36-inch ribbon of steel through the swamps and suburbs of New Jersey, two feet underground. Only ten more miles will mean the completion of a 1,600-mile link between Houston and New York.

The pipelines, says Joseph C. Swidler, chairman of the Federal Power Commission, have had "a revolutionary impact on our economy." The revolution started in World War II to thwart tanker-hunting U-boats: the Big Inch and the Little Inch, from Texas to the Atlantic Coast, were the first major lines. Since then, pipelines have grown so fast that they now transport more than 30% of all the energy used in the U.S. They have created a revolution in home-heating and cooking, provided cheaper industrial power and, less hap-



SEATTLE HOUSEWIFE PROTESTING

*Undeterred by rivers, mountains or suits,*

pily, caused severe wrenches in existing coal and oil industries. Twenty-four million U.S. homes—twice as many as a decade ago—now heat with pipelined natural gas. Because of the pipelines, oil companies now locate their refineries nearer the oilfields and ship refined products at lower cost instead of building plants near markets.

**The Big Yard.** Most of the pipe network, whose smaller spurs link towns and even plants, is owned either by consortiums of companies or by eight independent transmission companies, led by Houston's Tennessee Gas Transmission Co. So much pipe has been embezzled about the petrochemical suburbs of Houston that the area is called "the Spaghetti Bowl." Near Harrisburg, Pa., five different pipelines parallel one another through the Allegheny Mountains. Pacific Gas & Electric's 36-in., 1,400-mile "Big Yard" carries 600 million cu. ft. of Canadian natural gas daily to 34 California counties and to Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The Big Yard is the largest, longest gas pipeline in the U.S., but it may soon be surpassed by a 1,550-mile line that will carry Texas gas to the Los Angeles plants of California Edison.

Putting down the line is the hardest and costliest part of pipelining; in rough terrain it can cost \$150,000 a mile, always requires many pieces of special machinery to dig the ditches and successfully lay the pipe. But once in place, pipelines are impervious to weather and immune to strikes, operate day and night with rare breakdowns and only occasional pumping station overhauls. They eliminate the costly necessity of deadheading empty cars, barges or tankers; are so automated that only a handful of men can monitor a cross-country system. Pipelines are thus the cheapest transportation available for bulk commodities: gasoline can be shipped from Texas 900 miles to Chicago for less than a penny a gallon.

**Land Mines in the Way.** In many ways, pipelines operate very much like railroads. On product lines, which carry various liquids, shipments are pushed



LAYING PIPE IN NEW JERSEY

along under pressure generated by jet engines. Bulk shipments, or "slugs," of crude petroleum, diesel fuel, gasoline, jet fuel, even butane and propane, follow each other through the pipe without interval; uniform pressure keeps them from mixing, and specific gravity dials at each pumping station tell when each has passed. Shipments already in line can even be temporarily sidetracked into storage pits or pipes to let high-priority slugs pass through. Moving at 21 m.p.h., Houston's petroleum products reach New York in 21 days.

Because in most states, pipelines take property by eminent domain and raise fears of various dangers in some people, their construction is often controversial. Dealing with 14,000 property owners as it moved north, Colonial had to file 400 condemnation suits, settle 50 damage suits, soothe a Mississippi farmer who sowed land mines in the way and Pennsylvania pickets who sat down in front of bulldozers. Actually, accidents are almost unheard of. Modern lines are made of high-strength steel, electrically welded, tested for leaks and wrapped in fiber glass and asbestos felt before they are buried. Airplanes regularly patrol the lines in search of the yellowed foliage that indicates a gas leak in the area, and sensors along the line also keep guard.

Despite some unpopularity, pipelines have nothing but more growth ahead. Newer and stronger types of lighter steel pipe are being produced to carry material under greater pressure. Pipes can also carry sugar cane and iron ore, and tests are under way to make them carry wheat, wood pulp, sand and gravel. The president of one pipeline company has even suggested, not completely facetiously, that men and women could also be transported via pipe, moving at high speeds in tubular cars separated by air cushions.

# WORLD BUSINESS

## CANADA

### The Windfall That Fell

When a rich lode of copper was discovered at Timmins in Ontario last April, the news set off a wild rush of speculation in Canadian mining stocks. As prospectors staked out some 8,000 claims in the Timmins area, penny stocks became dollar stocks on the Toronto Exchange, and paper fortunes piled up almost overnight. Though most of the glory and the proven reserves belong to the lode's Yank discoverer, Texas Gulf Sulphur, Canadians were particularly pleased when one of their own companies seemed on the verge of its own strike. It was only a small company with a long-shot name—Windfall Oils & Mines Ltd.—but it began moving quickly on faith, hope and rumor.

In the past month, the price of Windfall's stock soared from \$56 a share to \$5.70. Then the bubble burst, damaging thousands of investors, badly depressing the penny stock market and involving one of Canada's most unusual women. Last week two official investigations of the Windfall affair were launched.

Early in July, Windfall announced that it had started drilling in the Timmins area about 3½ miles from the Texas Gulf Sulphur site. Without so much as a hint of what, if anything, had been found, investors bought up more than 6,000,000 shares of Windfall in the week of this announcement. Rumors of a rich lode raced through Bay Street, Toronto's Wall Street. The company remained noncommittal and, despite frequent urgings from the Toronto Exchange, did not report its drilling results.

**Surprise in Store.** Many Canadian investors placed considerable trust in the prime mover of Windfall: Viola MacMillan, 61, a shrewd, hard-driving prospector since 1923 and the dark-haired darling of Canada's mining men. Miners had elected Viola president of the Prospectors and Developers Association 21 times, and serenaded her each time with a lively rendition of *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*. She and her husband George, the president of Windfall, were called "the mining MacMillans." They also kept stockholders in the dark. To one questioner, Viola replied cryptically: "A lot of people are going to be surprised."

They sure were. Last fortnight the MacMillans finally got around to announcing the result of the drillings: "No commercial assays were obtained." The next day, sell orders flooded the Toronto Exchange, driving the price of Windfall stock as low as 80¢ before it closed at \$1.04. Last week, as the price settled at a limp 78¢, both the Ontario Securities Commission and the provincial government began investigations of Windfall's dealings. A BLACK DAY FOR



GEORGE & VIOLA MacMILLAN  
Moving on faith, hope and rumor.

CANADIAN MINING, headlined the respected *Northern Miner*.

**Penny Crash.** Windfall had delayed the announcement until it got 35 core samples prepared for assay. But many miners felt that experts like the MacMillans could have seen the core's value, or lack of it, much earlier. Other companies controlled by the MacMillans held 900,000 shares in Windfall—and Canadian law, unlike that in the U.S., does not force company officers to disclose what they have bought or sold. The Toronto Stock Exchange took a close look at Consolidated Golden Arrow Mines Ltd., one of Viola MacMillan's companies. At the exchange's request, Viola disclosed that at the beginning of June, Golden Arrow had owned 120,000 shares of Windfall, then bought an additional 38,000 shares for \$30,778. All of these 158,000 shares, she said, had been sold during the run-up—for a total of \$345,907.

The fall of Windfall brought other penny stocks crashing down with it. Many run-of-the-mine speculators took a hard dive last week, and even experienced investors took a stiff beating. Many companies in the Timmins area were able to put money in their treasures before the Windfall affair, intend to go on drilling on the theory that one



GONZALEZ



1902 20-PESO NOTE  
Doing business with both sides.

failure is not decisive. But the Windfall case could discourage the speculative buying that Canada needs to find mines, and it will probably produce legislation to introduce stricter regulation of the securities business, including full disclosure of insiders' dealings.

## MEXICO

### How To Survive Revolutions

While 1,000 guests banqueted on Mexican delicacies last week at the fashionable Hotel María Isabel in Mexico City, a small group of men spread out to the south into the vastness of Yucatan and Quintana Roo. Banquets and scouts had something in common: the Bank of London and Mexico, Mexico's oldest bank. The guests were celebrating the bank's 100th birthday and ogling a group of visitors that included four Cabinet members. The scouts were hard at work searching for new bank sites in the sparsely populated southeast, thus demonstrating the determination that has helped their bank survive half a dozen revolutions.

Founded by Englishmen William Newbold and Robert Geddes (the British ownership was severed in 1897), the bank opened its doors amid the civil war raging between the foreign-import Emperor Maximilian and Mexican Revolutionary Benito Juárez. Remarkably, it succeeded in winning the business of merchants and spreading into several branches, partly because it adopted the still-popular British stance of doing business with both sides and partly because its peso notes became Mexico's first nationwide paper currency. (The bank's 20-peso note shows Benito Juárez, Mexico's 33rd President, and Bartolomé de las Casas, the Dominican "Protector of the Indians.") In 1913, Rebel Leader Pancho Villa raided the bank's Torreón branch and took more than 150,000 pesos; later that year the revolutionary forces of Victoriano Huerta robbed the Durango branch of 100,000 pesos. A few years later, when the bank's entire executive staff refused to hand over all its gold and silver bars to President Venustiano Carranza, he jailed them



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and virtually closed the bank for five years.

Calmer times have brought the bank both prosperity and prestige. Today it has assets of \$244 million, which make it Mexico's third largest bank, and its 299,812 customers are served by 104 branches. Although generally regarded as conservative, the bank has moved into Central and South America, actively pushes loans to Mexico's impoverished farmers—a field that Mexico's 114 other commercial banks are usually reluctant to plow. "Agriculture credit is a good operation if you study the farmer," says Managing Director Fernando Gonzalez. He insists that his bankers not only advise farmers what to grow, but also what seed and fertilizer to use. Director Gonzalez is known affectionately in banking circles as "*un viejo loro banquero*"—an old banking wolf—but he is one wolf that Mexico's farmers are glad to see at the door.

## HONG KONG

### The Weavers' Boom

Hong Kong's textile industry spun a tale of woe when the U.S. and other nations imposed embargoes on its low-cost cotton goods a few years ago. With acrimony and self-pity, it predicted dwindling sales, growing unemployment and financial disaster for the industry, which employs 41% of Hong Kong's work force and manufactures 53% of its exports. Nothing of the sort has happened: Hong Kong has enjoyed boom rather than bankruptcy.

Meeting the challenge by imposing voluntary production controls, skillfully negotiating export quotas with other countries and increasing the variety and quality, the textile industry increased its exports 16.8% to a record \$350 million last year, expects at least a 6% gain this year. There is actually a shortage of 14,000 textile workers.

NEW YORKER/WIREPHOTO



**SOUTH SEA'S TANG**  
*Cultivating the broader outlook.*

The firm that has contributed most to the prosperity of Hong Kong's textile industry, and profited most from it, is South Sea Textile Manufacturing, the colony's biggest spinner and weaver and the creation of a sprightly textileman named P.Y. (or Ping Yuan) Tang. Last week Tang, 65, was negotiating with Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries and another Hong Kong spinner to build Hong Kong's first dyeing and finishing plant for processing blends of cotton and synthetic fibers. Tang expects to increase his production 15% this year, and his 2,000 employees work three shifts round the clock in his 18-acre, air-conditioned plant.

Tang helped Hong Kong by crusading for higher quality and a broader outlook than "one-shot" sales; helped set up permanent "ambassadors" of the industry in Brussels and New York and promoted Hong Kong products on his own wide travels. His new finishing plant reflects his belief that Hong Kong's textile industry must upgrade itself and diversify: instead of producing only basic fabrics, he insists, it must embrace a wide variety of quality and costlier finished goods. Tang's efforts have made him a millionaire many times over, but he is not awed by money. When he left China in 1948 to escape the Reds, he and his family left behind a fortune estimated at \$50 million.

## BRAZIL

### Backland's Capitalism

Morris Asimow is a U.C.L.A. engineering professor who has an unusual and valuable talent: he likes to build factories from scratch, preferably in distant and inaccessible places. That talent is particularly useful in Latin America, where a desperate race with rising expectations often causes governments to concentrate on grandiose heavy-industry schemes while ignoring the vital need for smaller enterprises. Several projects have been launched to fill that need, but Asimow has proved to be in a class by himself as a one-man aid program.

Counting on a sort of do-it-yourself capitalism, Asimow has set up several locally financed corporations in Brazil's backlands to build, operate and own small factories. Starting with practically nothing, his projects in the state of Ceará have become models of what can be done with very little. U.S. aid officials in Brazil are so impressed by the results that recently they sat down with Asimow to negotiate a \$2,200,000 loan for his project. Last week another Brazilian state, Sergipe, asked Asimow to come in and set up a self-help project.

**Suspicious of Foreigners.** Asimow, 57, knows what he is about. During World War II, he took time out from his U.C.L.A. classroom to put together a small aluminum extrusion plant out of scrap and hand-me-down equipment. In 1949, the U.S. Government sent him to New Guinea to recruit native labor and set up a plant to reduce surplus war planes to scrap. "That convinced me,"



**BUILDER-PROFESSOR ASIMOW**

*Turning distrust into civic pride.*

says Asimow, "that if you could do such projects on an island like that with unskilled natives, you could do it almost anywhere in the world."

Working mostly during summer vacations, Professor Asimow since 1962 has put his conviction to the test in Ceará's Cariri valley, in northeastern Brazil, where per capita income is well under \$80 a year. He gathered a team of graduate students and professors from U.C.L.A. and the University of Ceará. At first, Brazilians were suspicious of the foreigners and skeptical of a corporation's chances: there was little capital, more faith in land than in stock certificates, and more trust in relatives running a business than in directors.

But within two months, Project Asimow, as it has come to be known, organized five separate corporations to mill corn and to make shoes, transistor radios, structural ceramics and pressed wood. Asimow hired local managers and sent them to U.C.L.A. for training, persuaded local landowners and merchants to buy stock and serve on the all-Brazilian boards of directors. Distrust turned to civic pride, and investments, ranging from \$7 to \$10,000 each, poured in. Together, the five corporations have raised more than \$1,000,000.

**Onward with RITA.** By now, the shoe factory is producing 80 pairs a day, the radio plant is in operation, and the other three are under construction. Spreading out, Asimow is back in Ceará this summer, organizing new corporations to build a cement plant, a dairy and a meat-processing plant. The U.S. has already agreed to back similar projects all over Latin America. Work has begun in Chile, Ecuador and Mexico, and requests are pouring in from Peru, Venezuela and several Central American republics. Giving it bureaucratic approval, the U.S. has assigned such programs a name and initials—Rural Industrial Technical Assistance, or RITA.



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## **Improved? Yes. Improved? No.**

The question: "Has TV programming improved during the past five years?"

The people we asked ranged from humorist Max Shulman to writer Gore Vidal, from cynic Henry Morgan to artist Leonard Baskin—people with no axe to grind but one with a sharp cutting edge when they choose to use it.

The answers, in a recent issue of *TV Guide*, were an eruption of unfettered opinions, all the way from "Papi" to "Much more style."

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THE FACES BEHIND WNBC'S FAMOUS VOICES: (FRONT ROW) BRAD CRANDALL AND BIG WILSON; (BACK ROW) MIMI BENZELL, BILL MAZER AND EDITH WALTON.



## THE TALK IS STIRRING UP TALK

Said the fellow who crossed a myna bird with a tiger: "I don't know what I've got now, but when it talks, I listen."

When WNBC Radio talks, *New York* listens, but we know what we've got.

For it was this Spring's changeover to "talk" and "talk back" programming that has caused radio's biggest stir in years. And the stars of the current week-day line-up have done more than win multitudes of new listeners. They've also drawn the excited attention of the

New York press and national magazines.

A few sample comments:

(About Brad Crandall, whose "talk back" telephone show runs from 7:45 pm to midnight):  
"(He has) courage and forthrightness . . . uncanny wide-spread knowledge . . . commands respect and authority."—*Time*

(About Bill Mazer, whose two-way sports show is on from 4:30 to 6:00 pm):  
"Mazer is well and widely versed in all areas of sports and does a highly capable job

handling the questions and answers."—*Billboard*

(About Edith Walton, whose discussion program runs from 7:05 to 7:30 PM):  
"WNBC Radio's new talk policy, which is giving (the) audience a lot of listening, has uncovered a find in Edith Walton."—*New York Herald Tribune*

(About Mimi Benzell, whose interview show is on from noon to 2:00 pm):  
"—One of the most versatile artists in the entertainment field today."—*Radio Television Daily*

(About Big Wilson, who charms the people from 6:00 to 10:00 am six days a week):  
"Wilson is tonic for those 'gotta-get-up' big-city blues."—*Pageant*

Even at WNBC Radio we had no idea that the impact of our "talk" and "talk back" programming would be so immediately apparent. But it is. And the coming months should bring even further evidence of the new policy's eager reception by New York audiences.

For, one thing is now certain: When WNBC Radio talks, they listen.

WNBC RADIO



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## CINEMA

### Yeah? Yeah. Yeah!

*A Hard Day's Night* will move one young segment of its audience to tears, hysteria and even outright unconsciousness. More than a movie, it is the answer to a maiden's prayer. Surprisingly, though, this hairy musical romp starring John Lennon, Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Ringo Starr—velept the Beatles—is one of the smoothest, freshest, funniest films ever made solely for purposes of exploitation. It seems better than it ought to be simply because the Beatles prove themselves disarming personalities.

Looking like four errant Blue Boys, the lads hit their nimble stride in a script shrewdly slapped together by Screenwriter Alun Owen and directed in racy "new cinema" style by Richard Lester. Scoring plot, *Night* affects to study an ordinary day or so in the wholly extraordinary lives of its heroes. They are the clear-eyed innocents, imprisoned by fame behind a whimsically improbable wall of wailing nymphets, but never for a moment blinded to the really flagrant foolishness of the adult world around them. Representing the dangers of creeping maturity is a low-comedy menace identified as Paul's granddad (Wilfrid Brambell). Though everyone remarks how clean he looks, Granddad is patently a lecherous old billy goat and a born troublemaker; His ultimate mischief is to persuade Ringo to defect from show biz to the outside world—a disaster certain to deprive the cream of Britain's youth of any reason to survive puberty.

Before that calamity is averted, there are enough mad puns and sight gags and individual comedy bits to throw any Beatlemania into spasms of joy. Spoofing press conferences, the Beatles give every banal question the answer it deserves: "How did you find America?" "Turn left at Greenland." "What do you call that haircut?" "Arthur."

Sometimes the humor seems forced, the North Country slang impenetrable. And, in truth, a more exciting and at the same time more perceptive view of a Beatle's insular existence is projected in a documentary feature titled *What's Happening!—The Beatles in the U.S.A.* Made with near-perfect fidelity by Albert and David Maysles, a brother team of American independent film makers who shot it on the spot with a handheld camera and portable sound gear, this bristling, hilarious account of the sound and fury generated during a public-appearance tour was shown on British television, but has yet to be released for public showings in the U.S. Meanwhile, *A Hard Day's Night* fills the gap with Beatlesong, frothy fiction, and an air of high-spirited improvisation almost as amusing as life itself.

### Decline of the Samurai

*Harakiri*. Kneeling in starched white death robes on a mat in the sacred garden, the desperate young warrior strips himself bare to the waist. He seizes a short sword, plunges it into his abdomen once. Twice. Three times. Four. He falls over the gory weapon. "Behold me!" he pleads, but before the last merciful blow is delivered he has bitten off his tongue.

In that grisly, excruciatingly detailed study of a samurai's ritual suicide, Japanese Director Masaki Kobayashi sets the theme of a 17th century tragedy on honor in death—and the death of honor. The victims are two *ronin*, or unemployed samurai left to starve when their lordly masters are disfranchised following a civil war.

The samurai code of honor breaks down when they present themselves in turn at the household of one Lord Iyi, begging for "a corner of the porch" on which to commit harakiri—a sham herosism often used by *ronin* to draw out an offer of a job. After the first young warrior's ignoble death is forced upon



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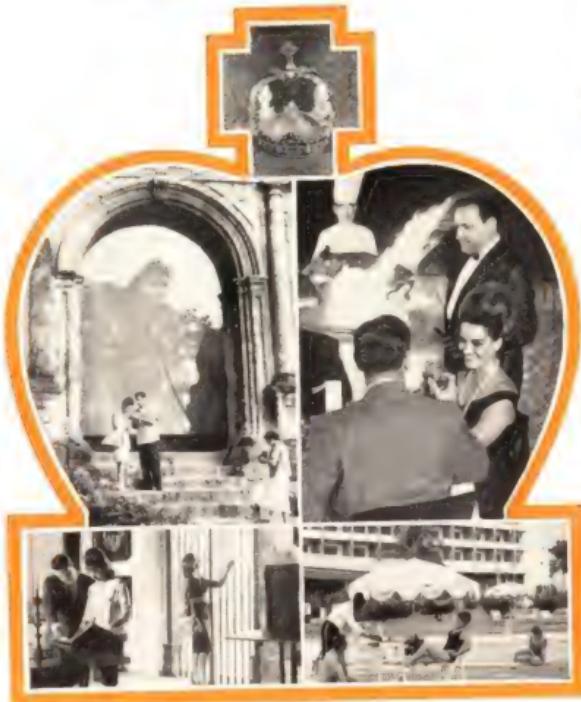
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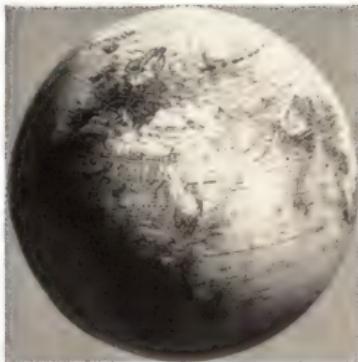
him, largely as a diversion for the courtly company, a seasoned old fighter Tsugumo (Tatsuya Nakadai) arrives seeking vengeance. The tragedy unfolds austerely in flashbacks framed by Tsugumo's rather wordy debate with Lord Iyi's chief retainer, whose rigid adherence to a feudal military system is summed up by the phrase: "In time of peace, there is no hope."

Though *Harakiri* may sometimes try the patience of an Occidental moviegoer, the film's best scenes lift it to the stature of an astringent minor classic. Director Kobayashi softens violence with impeccable artistry. In his hands, the grim ancient ritual of self-immolation seems as rigidly formalized and strangely beautiful as any of the lethal arts, bullfighting for example. And Tsugumo's climactic battle with the palace elite guard, as intricately choreographed as a kabuki dance, provides in one swift scene an unforgettable splash of blood, boldness and cinematic bravura.

## All Buckle & No Swash

*Stop Train 349*. From West Berlin, a sealed U.S. military train rolls by night through the Soviet-occupied East German Republic. Destination: Frankfurt. Its passengers are the usual assemblage of harassed or abrasive or mysterious strangers. Most objectionable of the lot is José Ferrer as a famous newsman with a nose for international incidents. Sure enough, an incident occurs when a French nurse (Nicole Courcel) helps a frightened refugee to jump aboard the train. Thus a U.S. lieutenant (Sean Flynn), commanding officer of the train, is caught between the quadrilateral treaty and the Brotherhood of Man. When the Soviets uncouple the engine at the border station of Marienborn, demanding that the prisoner be surrendered—well, what's a fellow to do?

In instead of doing anything, Flynn just stands there. Meanwhile *Stop Train 349*, which might have made a sizzling topical melodrama, is sidetracked by flaccid direction, routine performances, and a script that turns people into points of view. The biggest jolt is pitting Errol Flynn's tall, handsome but impulsive son against the Communist menace, and letting the Reds get the best of it. In this generation, Hollywood's good guys appear to be all buckle and no swash.



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## BOOKS

### Races Are for Winning

CORNELIUS SHIELDS ON SAILING by Cornelius Shields. 240 pages. Prentice-Hall, \$7.95.

The wind is important; so is the cut of the sails as well as the skill and care of the men who designed and built the boat. But to Corny Shields, a racing sailboat—the only kind in which he is interested—is driven mainly by the skipper's will to win.

As just about the most successful racing skipper of this century (TIME cover, July 27, 1953), Corny Shields has, inevitably, the most indomitable will to win. "Racing," he admits frankly in this autobiography and sailor's guidebook, "is the aspect of sailing that has gripped me the hardest." Then he adds, perhaps intending to be disarming: "I'm supposed to be a 'competitive' person; at least, I've always enjoyed competitive sports and matching skills with others." The fact is that Corny Shields, now a ripe 70, would die if he didn't win.

**Triangular Discipline.** For the sailor who wants to win, Shields provides the formula. The aspirant must begin a year or so before he is born, by picking his parents right. They must raise the child with at least a summer home on river, lake or sea front. They need not be rich, though that helps. (Shields picked a rich father.) The aspiring skipper of America's Cup yachts must begin sailing—and sailing to win—early in his grade school years.

By his high school years, the Shields protégé will be spending every weekend

day, every summer, racing around triangular courses in Penguins or Blue Jays or Lightnings. When he graduates to larger craft, he will need his weekdays off (no summer work for him) to perfect his skills in rigorous sail drills. He had better not go away to a prep school, because he should spend every winter weekend in frostbite racing, which may give him as many as eight starts a day—eight chances to show his will to win at the starting line, at the windward mark, and again at the leeward mark. Then, perhaps, the fledgling sailor may be considered qualified to crew for the likes of Corny Shields, in International One-Designs, or America's Cup 12-meters, or in ocean-going yachts in the biennial Bermuda races.

**Newer Question.** If it sounds like as tough an apprenticeship as that of midshipmen in Captain Bligh's day, it is. Shields would not have it otherwise. He is dedicated to the idea that the important thing in sailing is racing, and the important thing in racing is winning. If any man is interested in sailing merely to enjoy the sensation of having his boat driven by the wind, Shields is not for him, and he is not for Shields. As a Johnny-come-lately to ocean racing (in 1946), Shields was appalled to find that on the 635-mile course from Newport to Bermuda, which takes four to six days, skippers allowed their crewmen to relax. Not Shields. He insisted on enforcing the same tense, split-second discipline that he knew from racing for a couple of hours around three buoys in Long Island Sound. The wonder is that Captain Bligh Shields had no mutiny. But by then he had won, along with his international championships, the right to be the autocrat of the cockpit. Nobody who questions a Shields order is ever allowed on a Shields boat again.

The soundness of the Cornelius Shields method and the sureness of the Cornelius Shields touch were proved in 1958, two years after Corny had had a crippling heart attack and had been told never to race again. *Columbia* had been faltering in her early starts. Corny took command, though he put his son "Gilt" at the wheel when photographers were around, and in *Columbia's* final trials he whipped her into a successful America's Cup defender.

For a sailor who wants to emulate Shields, this book provides the hydrographic chart of his career and his methods. Except for a dizzyingly technical chapter on starting-line tactics, most of it is understandable to any weekend sailor. Shields takes the green landlubber by the hand and gives him stern but sage advice on everything from picking his first boat (it must be a small one) to ocean racing. And since Shields recognizes that everybody cannot be a winner, he deals well with the second most important question: how to be a good loser.

### Topical but Funny

THE SIEGE OF HARLEM by Warren Miller. 166 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$3.95.

Harlem has seceded and declared itself a nation. Barricades made of abandoned autos, Fifth Avenue buses and Con Edison signs ("Dig We Must") have been erected on its borders. Frontier guards have been posted on the subway lines and the New York Central and New Haven railroads, and tolls



WARREN MILLER

*Uncle Remus with a difference.*

are collected as the trains pass through Harlem. The "numbers" have been nationalized. Harlem's Congressman Lance Huggins, the first Prime Minister, announces a policy of no-surrender: "We have surrendered absolutely to our fate which is freedom. We had this secret space in us and now we have located it geographically and made it public for all the world to see."

To topical to be funny? In spite of the current Harlem rioting, Warren Miller, one of the best satirists (*Looking for the General*) writing in the U.S., has brought the joke off. In this novel about Harlem's first year as a nation, Miller mocks blacks, whites, and the whole racial fuss: yet beneath the hilarity is a clear warning: "Laugh at your peril. It could happen." Writing such a seriocomic novel is a feat of literary aerobatics, but Miller does not lose his balance.

The story is narrated, Uncle Remus style, 75 years later when Harlem is an old and established nation like Nigeria and Ghana. The narrator was a Harlem militiaman in the days of derring-do, but now he is full of "Well, honey's" and "byembys." The children at his knee are snotty little know-it-alls with African nationalist names: Jomo, Sekou, Mboya. But "Grandpa" fascinates them with stories of how Harlemites resisted all threats and blandishments, how they were impervious even to Radio Free



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Captain Bligh without a mutiny.



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Miller, a white man who lived in Harlem for five years, has mastered the vernacular, which in its own way is as eccentric as Uncle Remus'. He has also distinguished the different Harlem personality types—his way of saying that Negroes are people, too. And he has managed to show that even the nation's No. 1 problem is good for an occasional laugh.



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### Just Tell the Story Well

THE HISTORIAN AND HISTORY by Page Smith. 261 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

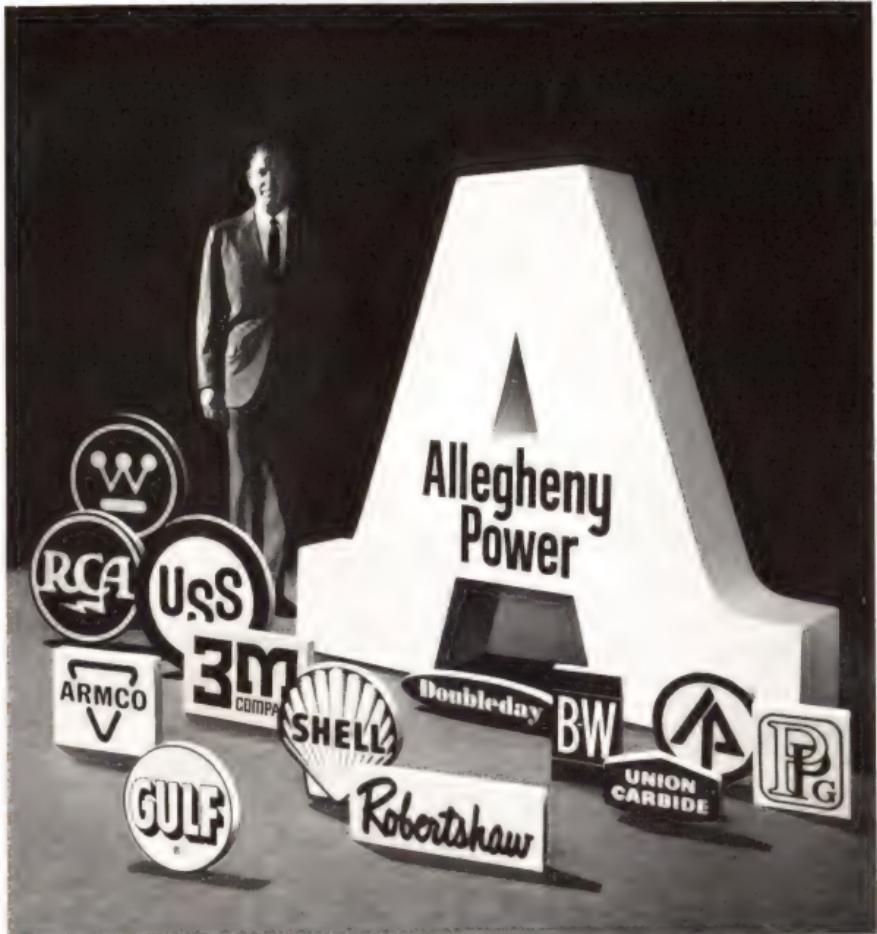
Though they have been writing history for several centuries, historians are still arguing about how it should be written. Some would like to inject more economics into history, some more sociology, others more psychology. Some would place more emphasis on free will, others on impersonal forces. Page Smith, biographer of John Adams, would settle for a little more imagination.

In a witty, incisive, appetizingly readable book, Smith tries to show where modern history has gone astray. Mesmerized by all the new sciences of the time, 19th century historians decided that history, too, could be a science. Eloquent laymen like Gibbon, Burke and Hume went out of fashion. Academicians took over the writing of history, and they have had a hammerlock on it ever since. With enough research and "objectivity," they were sure that history could be reduced



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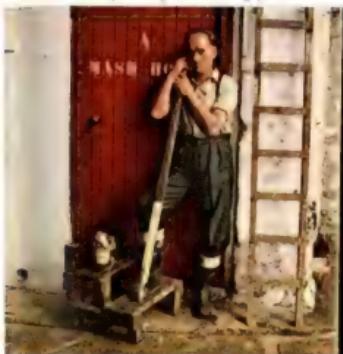
Willie Turner, maltman. He constantly turns and works the wetted barley during the malting process.



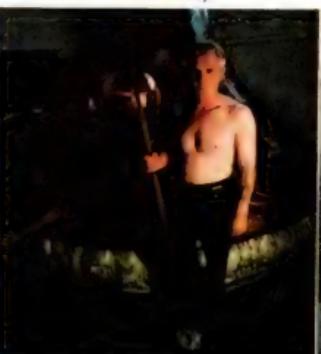
John Masson, peatcutter. He cuts the rich peat that is burned to dry Ballantine's malted barley.



Sandy Allen, kilnman. He tends the kiln fires which lend flavor and character to the final Scotch spirits.



Jack Grant, mashman. He adds the soft spring water to the malt, stirs the mash to the right consistency.



Alex Grant, stillman. He minds the old pot stills, brings off Ballantine's spirits at the proper moment.



Willie Watson, cooper. He mends and refurbishes the aging barrels with ancient tools handed down through the years.



M. T. Borrelli, customs man. He represents the Crown locking warehouses, keeping track of Scotch gallonage.



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to a number of immutable laws, that human behavior could be neatly categorized and predicted. They gave up trying to see the big picture and began grinding out monographs to which Gibbon would have allotted a footnote.

**Botching the Revolution.** Nowhere is this kind of history produced in greater or grimmer volume than the present-day U.S., where a not-too-untypical Ph.D. candidate will write on "The Dairy Industry in Wisconsin Between 1875 and 1885." ("He must have covered the subject teat by teat," groaned a professor.) Though there are now an average 15 Ph.D.s laboring over each year of American history, historical interpretations have not noticeably improved. Pseudoscientific systems are no substitute for imagination. A case in point, writes Smith, is the American Revolution.

As Smith sees it, the best history of the Revolution was written by a participant, David Ramsay, in the decade after the war. Ramsay concluded that the chief cause of the Revolution was implicit in the Stamp Act: the British Parliament wanted more power over the colonies than the colonies were willing to allow. But later historians were not content with this sensible explanation. George Bancroft turned the war into a moral crusade for freedom and made poor old bumbling George III a sinister villain. Arthur Schlesinger Sr. saw the war as a class struggle in which colonial merchants were pitted against colonial proletariat. Then, in the 1950s, Edmund and Helen Morgan astonished the historical community by declaring that resistance to the Stamp Act was, after all, the cause of the war. Historical interpretation had come full circle.

**Lives Relived.** History can never be a matter of scientific exactitude, argues Smith, and historians who take pride in their objectivity on the ground that they are writing at a time remote from the event are merely imposing their own system on the past. "Individuals in history achieve authenticity through their actions," writes Smith, "and historians cannot arbitrarily deprive these lives of their meaning by judgments imposed long after the event. That we should ever have accepted any convention which held the contrary is monstrous."

The great tradition of history has been maintained by those few historians—Jakob Burckhardt in the 19th century, Oswald Spengler, Arnold Toynbee and Reinhold Niebuhr in the 20th—who have entered sympathetically and imaginatively into the lives of people of the past. These historians have understood that history is a vital part of living, that it both shapes and reflects a civilization. "The history that has commanded men's minds and hearts," writes Smith, "has always been narrative history, history with a story to tell that illuminates the truth of the human situation, that lifts spirits and projects new potentialities."

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**A Thinking Man's Liberal**

SHADOW & SUBSTANCE by John P. Roche. 468 pages. Macmillan. \$6.95.

He has been called an "imperialist" and "the defender of the *ancien régime*." He has been accused of "white-washing McCarthy" and "throttling civil liberties." A John Birch? An editor of the *National Review*? Not at all. He is John P. Roche (as in coach), national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action.

Times have changed, and so have many liberals. While championing some of the old, established causes to the hilt, Roche, a respected constitutional historian at Brandeis, belongs to a new breed of "tough-minded" liberals



JOHN P. ROCHE  
No fly in amber.

who try to avoid inflexible positions and judge the issues on their merits. Naturally, this does not sit well with ideological types, who, according to Roche, "seem to be preserved, like flies in amber, in the militant postures of their youth." In this collection of essays Roche has written, in effect, a brilliant riposte to the dogmatic left.

**The Right to Oppress.** A standard lament of the left is that U.S. liberties are fast dwindling under the pressures of mass, conformist society. Roche, who has investigated early Americans, dissents. There was a greater diversity of communities in the past, he writes, but within the communities no diversity was tolerated. Wise Roman Catholics steered clear of Puritans, Puritans shunned Anglicans, and Mormons avoided everybody: "Colonial America was an open society dotted with closed enclaves, and one could settle in with his beliefs in safety and comfort, and exercise the right of oppression."

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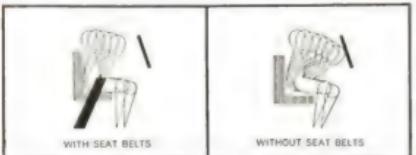
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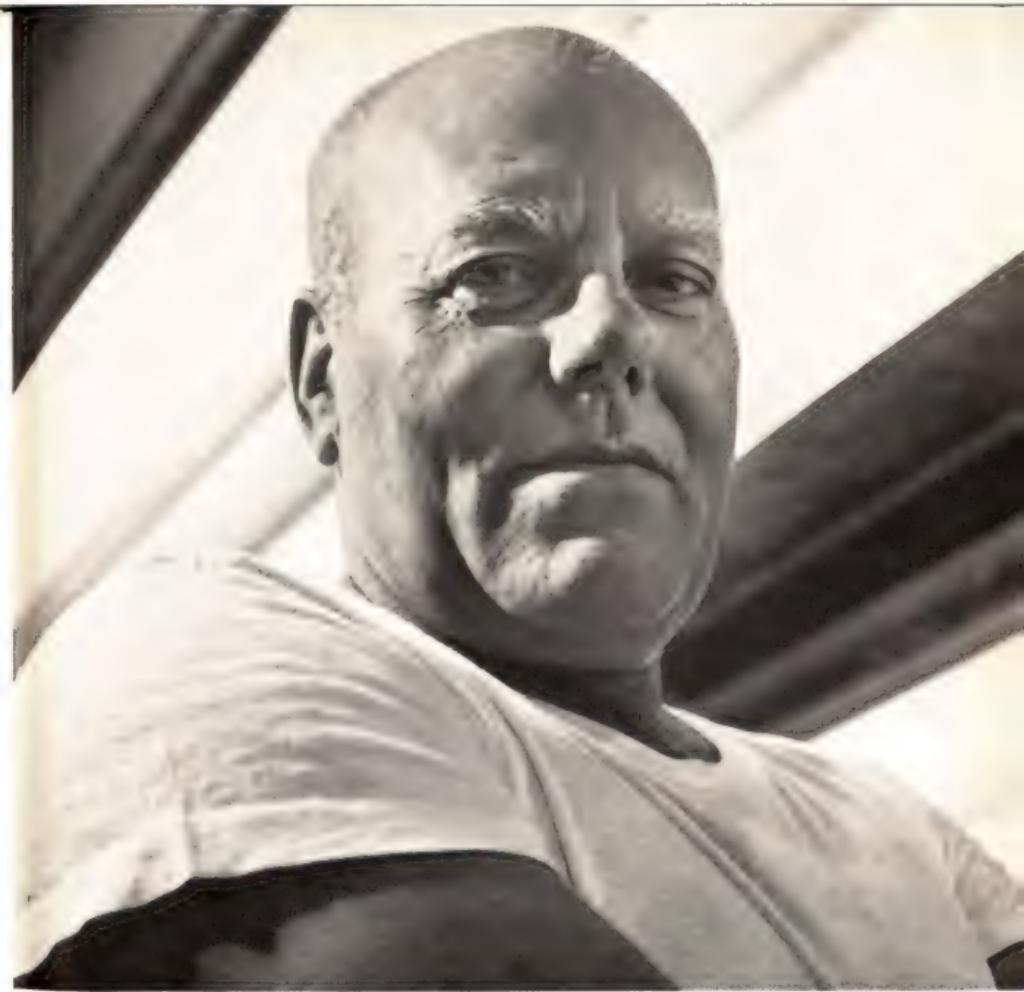


Published in co-operation with The Advertising Council and The National Safety Council.

trialization," writes Roche, Americans have more freedom today than ever before. Modern cities tolerate a multitude of opinions and muffle direct personal clashes. There is more legal protection of individual rights. "Even the Communists today," writes Roche, "exercise rights that lead the old Wobbly, Socialist, or trade-union organizer to smile condescendingly when the Daily Worker proclaims the existence of a 'reign of terror' in the United States."

**Priorities of Fear.** Roche has no patience with liberal apologists for totalitarians of the left like Castro: "I have never known a man who treated a gun as a symbol—instead of an instrument—who was not fundamentally depraved. When such an addict of romantic violence appears in politics mouthing left-wing slogans, are we to deny the insights of experience for the nostalgia of a phrase?" Roche also advises liberals to stop worrying and writing so much about the radical right. Right-wing extremists like the late Joseph F. McCarthy and Robert Welch must be fought but kept in perspective. After all, there has always been one or another on the rampage in every period of American history: "While among ourselves we may on occasion suspect that A.D.A. could not fight its way out of a wet paper sack, we take the John Birch Society on its own assessment as a tightly knit, single-purposed conspiratorial cadre. There are a lot of things that scare me to death—nuclear war, automobile accidents, lung cancer, to mention but three—but I have only a limited time to devote to fright. I therefore have a scale of priorities on which the 'menace from the Right' ranks 23rd—between the fear of being eaten by piranha and the fear of college presidents."

**Importance of Anachronisms.** For all his practicality, Roche does not advocate real politics alone: "Those who put their faith in Machiavelli all too often forget that the Florentine died both broke and out of office." One of the most moving chapters of his long book is devoted to the late Frank Murphy, Roosevelt's Attorney General and later a Supreme Court Justice, whom liberals and conservatives alike dismissed as a hopeless ideologue. In the starry-eyed pursuit of his principles, Murphy occasionally forgot about the real world he was living in. While admitting that Murphy was a "ritualistic liberal" and a "utopian pilgrim," Roche makes a convincing case that no other Justice of the high court in recent times has so consistently championed civil liberties. During World War II, especially, when every other Justice forgot about civil liberties for the duration, Murphy never wavered, and his lone dissent from the decision to incarcerate the California Nisei was a model of both courage and good law. Along with its pragmatism, Roche concludes, the U.S. needs a sprinkling of such utopians as Murphy.



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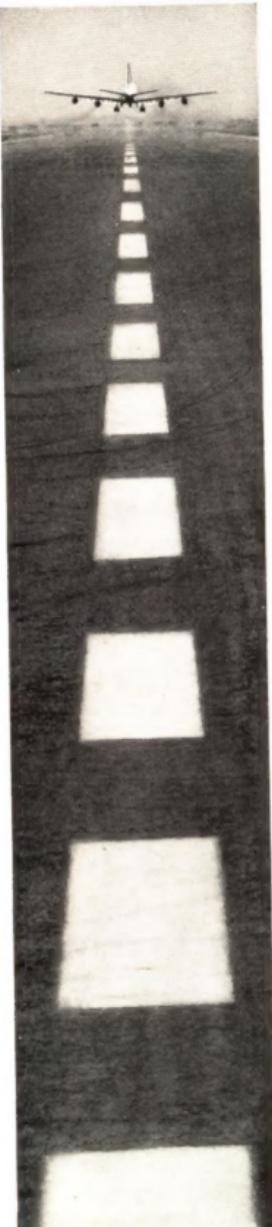
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